


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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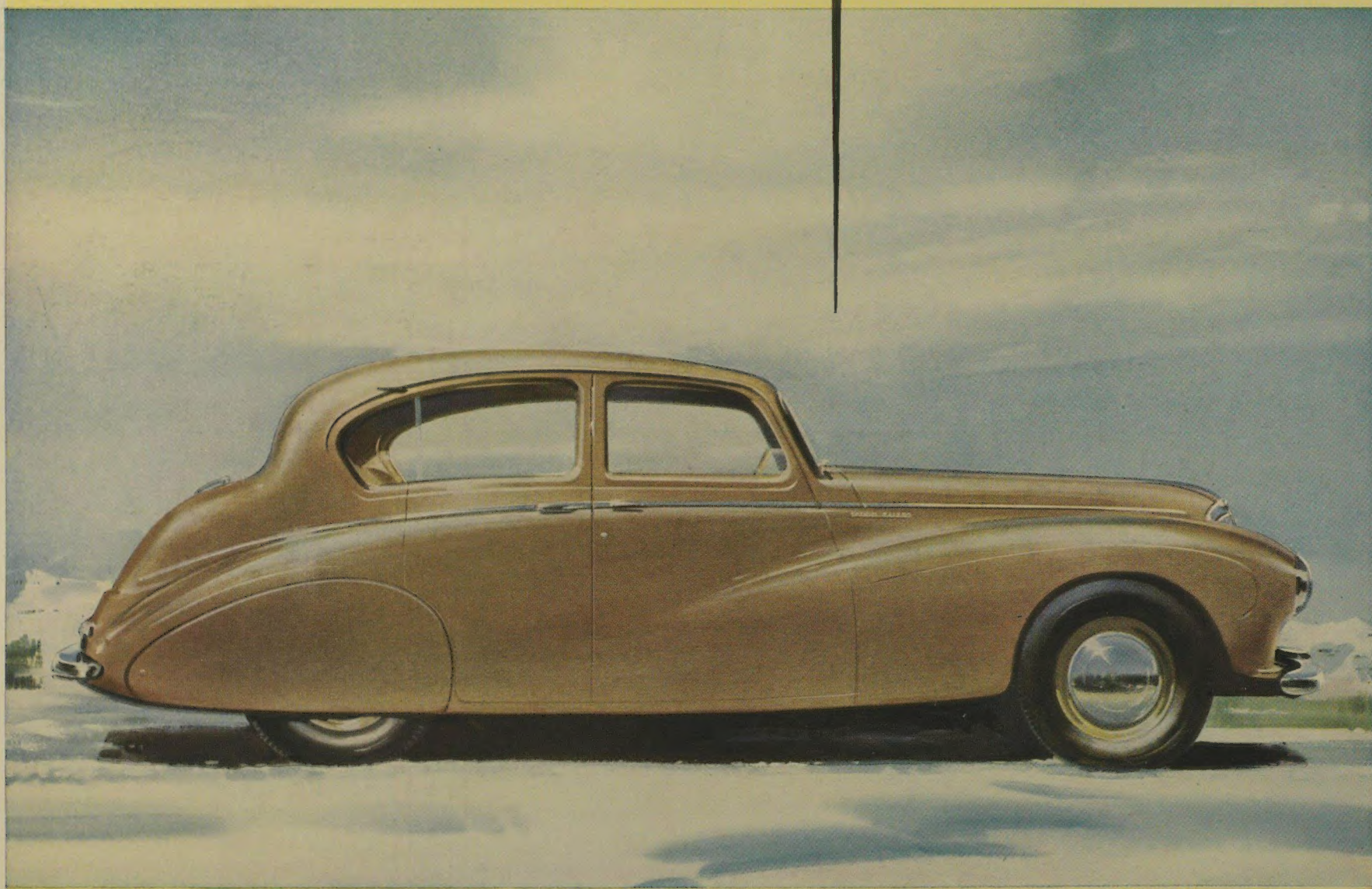
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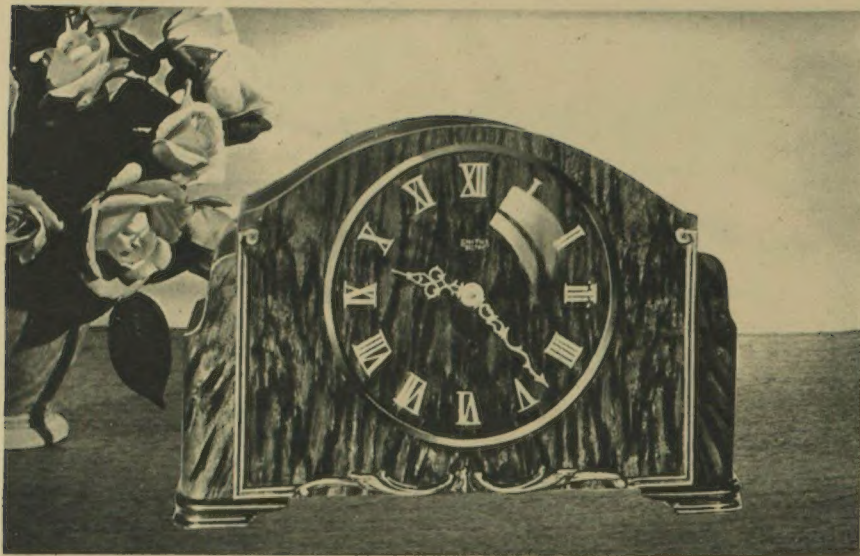
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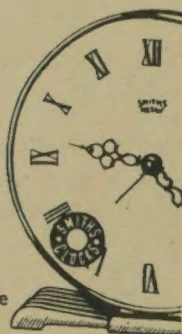
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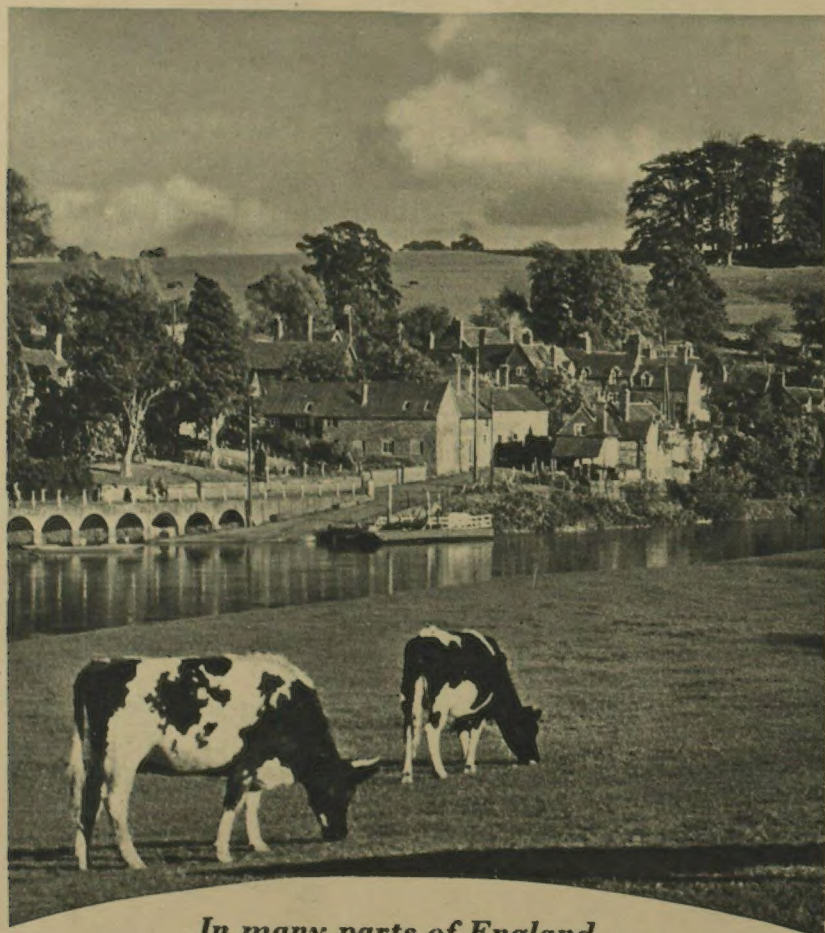


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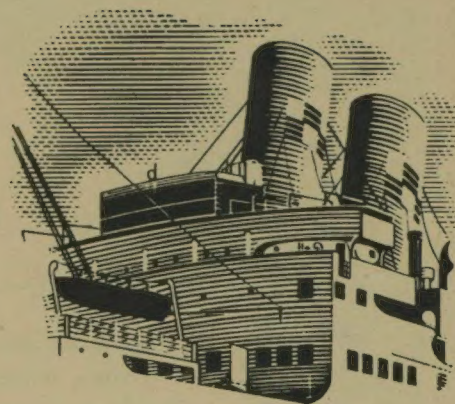


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. . . we are still known as 'The Farmers' Bank'. We greatly value this title, for it affords the surest possible proof of our long-standing association with the farming community.

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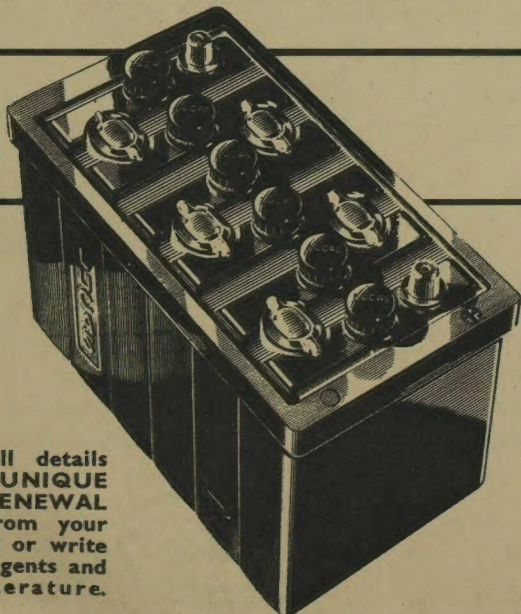
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*Insured Life*

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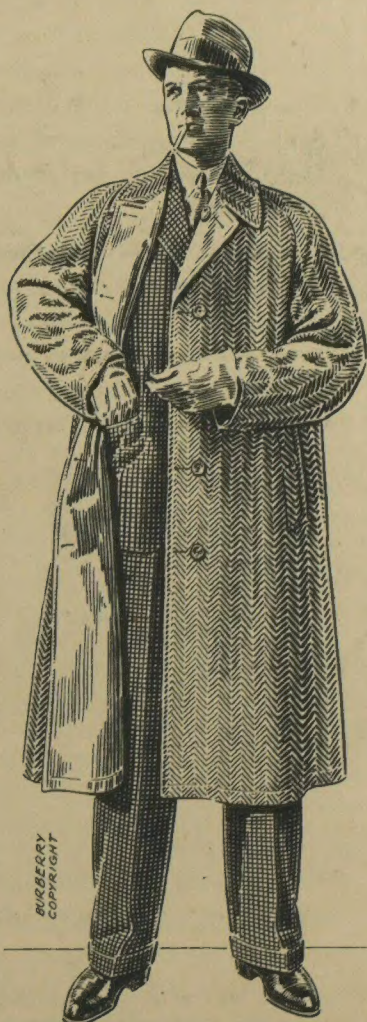
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1951.



**A VOLCANIC EXPLOSION THAT BLEW 2000 FT. OFF THE TOP OF A MOUNTAIN AND CAUSED SOME 4000 CASUALTIES:  
MOUNT LAMINGTON, IN NEW GUINEA, BELCHING FORTH CLOUDS OF NOXIOUS GASES, AND RED-HOT ASH.**

A number of native villages were razed and their entire populations wiped out during the recent eruptions of Mount Lamington, a volcano near Buna, on the north coast of Papua, New Guinea. The first eruption occurred on January 18 and was entirely unexpected, as although legends told of smoke pouring from the mountain, there was no official record of any previous eruption. At the time of

writing the bodies of twenty Europeans have been found, but twenty-two are still unaccounted for. During the week-end, January 27-28, Mount Lamington again erupted twice and the advanced base of relief workers at Popondetta, within nine miles of the volcano, was threatened with destruction. Other photographs dealing with the Mount Lamington disaster appear elsewhere in this issue.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I USED to travel forty, fifty, sometimes a hundred times a year on the line that leaves London to the north-west: the old London and North-Western Railway. Since the war, my familiar path has lain another way, and train journeys out of London have taken me to the softer holiday terminuses, Paddington and Waterloo. Yet the heart clings to what it knows best, and when the other day I had occasion to travel into the Midlands, the sight of Euston in the grey January morning murk, to my amazement—for I had not wished to leave my desk and was not anticipating my northward journey with any particular pleasure—gave me something of the same sudden thrill of delight, recognition and wonder that I always feel on hearing, say, the opening bars of a Brandenburg Concerto. It would require a psychiatrist, no doubt, to explain why and, from what I know of psychiatrists—which, I admit, is little—he would probably give the wrong answer. For only I could really explain and, not being a poet, I lack the means of explaining. For only a great poet can lay open a human heart and experience, even the poorest heart.

The people who travel on the trains to the North are different to the people who travel on the trains to the South and West. They are rougher, less passive, more thrusting and self-centred. They are out for their seats and, when they have got them, they have an air of being invincibly resolved to defend them against all comers. If Stalin were to visit this country and travel from Waterloo, I feel that the chance of an early war might be greatly increased; he would receive a sense, however misleading, that the British were a passive, unresistant sort of people. If he were to travel from Euston he would get a very different sense. Unless he were a very insensitive man—and, being a most astute and discerning politician, I imagine he cannot be that—he would reach the conclusion that the British were a dangerous people. And he would probably reckon that they were best left alone, lest they should pool their stubborn, militant individualism and combine against him as they have combined, with such cataclysmic consequences, against more than one of his predecessors in global ambition. No one, except a terrier, wants to start a fight against a bulldog. Britain north of Rugby is peopled by bulldogs, even if at Westminster it sometimes seems to be governed by sheep.

I thought in the south that England was becoming a socialist country: a land of queues and sad acceptances: a land of supercilious clerks legislating for a listless people. In the Midlands and North one realises that these are only superficial appearances, the fashions of the hour, and that the British, first- and third-class passengers alike, are a nation of freemen—a people who, for all their outward orderliness, set their jaws, slam doors and stick out their chests. Socialism here is only a form of protestant individualism, as is its ugly fellow-aggregation, Capitalism. These people, the descendants of the men of the old Saxon Northumbria and Mercia and of the Danelaw, will still, I can see, surprise the world: they may not be pretty-looking customers, but they

have guts. In an ivory tower, it is possible to forget this; it cheered me, like a trumpet call, to realise it once more.

Living in the South, too, I thought England was losing her beauty or, alternatively, that I, growing old, had no longer the heart to feel beauty, for the southern land I live in, with its romantic cliffs and tawny downs, is most and, by universal acclaim, beautiful. Yet the light beating down from the

for granted, was infinitely beautiful, and the heart of man eternally young. I felt like Traherne recalling the celestial vision of childhood; like a lover kissed, after long estrangement, by a forgiving and eternally loving beloved. Even Bletchley, with its brick-kilns, its clayey mists, its sombre station and straggling settlement, was lovely to my eyes. So dear, that it was a pain to be borne swiftly by its familiar ugly yellow palings, where so often in the past my car

had awaited my return and my happy passage home, westwards across Whaddon Chase and the gentle Buckinghamshire fields. As I strained my eyes after that longed-for, fast-vanishing vision I saw again the gipsy encampment by the roadway among the willows and stunted oaks, the blue horizon of the Vale of Aylesbury opening out at the top of the long rise, the long, low, white seventeenth-century inn in Winslow's homely, seemly market square,

the Claydon fields, with the old house—to me home for so many years—with its high, Elizabethan chimneys standing on its little hill among its elm-trees, and the grey Norman church beyond. As I grow older I find that the meaning of eternity becomes a little plainer; it is what the heart has loved and, having loved so much, can never lose: something which has been created by love, and which, at a mystic touch, can be re-created outside of time. When the prison gates of time, in which we are imprisoned, are opened, we shall, I believe, find ourselves in a kingdom of our own making and, whether it be Heaven or Hell, it will be one we have made ourselves.

For God, it has been said, created man in his own image, and the essential attribute of both God and man—of man, as we know him through our own experience, and of God, as made manifest in the immense and infinitely diverse and marvellous universe about us—is the capacity for creation. And as man creates in more than one dimension, so, we must believe, does God, his creator. What man creates within the prison sequence of time, is inevitably transient: it is made with the bricks and mortar, the stone and steel, the pigments and parchment of time-conditioned and, therefore, fugitive matter; in the manner of this temporal world it does not endure. Yet man can create, too, in another dimension: in the realm of the heart and spirit, and, so far as we can judge from the experience of our hearts in this transient terrestrial existence, the vitality and intensity of the affections do not

diminish with the passage of time, but grow the stronger. When man lives and experiences intensely, he creates something which may, for all we can tell, outlast, infinitely outlast, the longest-lived work of his hands; something which belongs, not to the realm of time, but to that of eternity. The vision a man carries with him to the grave of a loved face or a loved place may still exist in eternity long after all trace of that face or place has vanished from our earth. We do not know; we have no certain means of testing; but in that strange and unfathomable mystery, the human heart, it feels as though it were so, and I for one believe that it is so.

## A HISTORIC CANADIAN SITE, NOW OWNED BY THE PEOPLE OF CANADA.



PRESENTED TO THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT BY THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY ON JANUARY 26, 1951: THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY FORT, LOWER FORT GARRY, ON THE WEST BANK OF THE RED RIVER, "A LIVING HISTORICAL MONUMENT OF THE PAST."



SHOWING THE LOOP-HOLED WALLS, THE ROOFED BASTION, AND THE TRADING STORE AND FUR WAREHOUSE (RIGHT), BUILT IN 1833: LOWER FORT GARRY, TO BE PRESERVED AS A CANADIAN NATIONAL SITE.

Lower Fort Garry, a 120-year-old Hudson's Bay Company fort eighteen miles north of Winnipeg, has been presented to the Government of Canada by the Hudson's Bay Company. In accepting the gift on behalf of the Government, Mr. Winters, Minister of Resources and Development, described the Fort as "a living historical monument of the past and of the pioneering spirit which made this country..." The construction of Lower Fort Garry began in 1831 on the recommendation of Sir George Simpson, then Governor of the Company in North America, and it became the headquarters of the Red River Settlement and point of departure for men and goods from the east heading west. When in 1846 the 6th Regiment of Foot came from England, one detachment was stationed at the Lower Fort, and the other at Upper Fort Garry, now the site of downtown Winnipeg. The first treaty between the then fledgling Dominion Government and the Indians was signed just beside the north-west wall of Lower Fort Garry in 1871. The engineer of the S.S. Colville, first steamer on Lake Winnipeg, lived in the stone cottage on the left in our upper photograph.

Chiltern slopes on to the flat, sodden Hertfordshire meadows made my heart stand still, like time remembered; it was pearl grey and, glimpsed through the condensed steam of the railway track, transfused by an aerial pink. The hard-bitten but kindly businessmen of the North and Midlands who shared my travelling observation-cell—fast filling with tobacco-smoke and multiplying influenza germs—did not, of course, notice it; they were too busy pursuing figures or discussing the week-end's golf. But to me, who, like them, had let it pass so often with unseeing eyes in the past, it was a sudden revelation: that the world, the commonplace world we inhabit and take



# BRITISH AND U.S. PRISONERS IN CHINESE HANDS, AND SIDELIGHTS ON THE KOREAN WAR



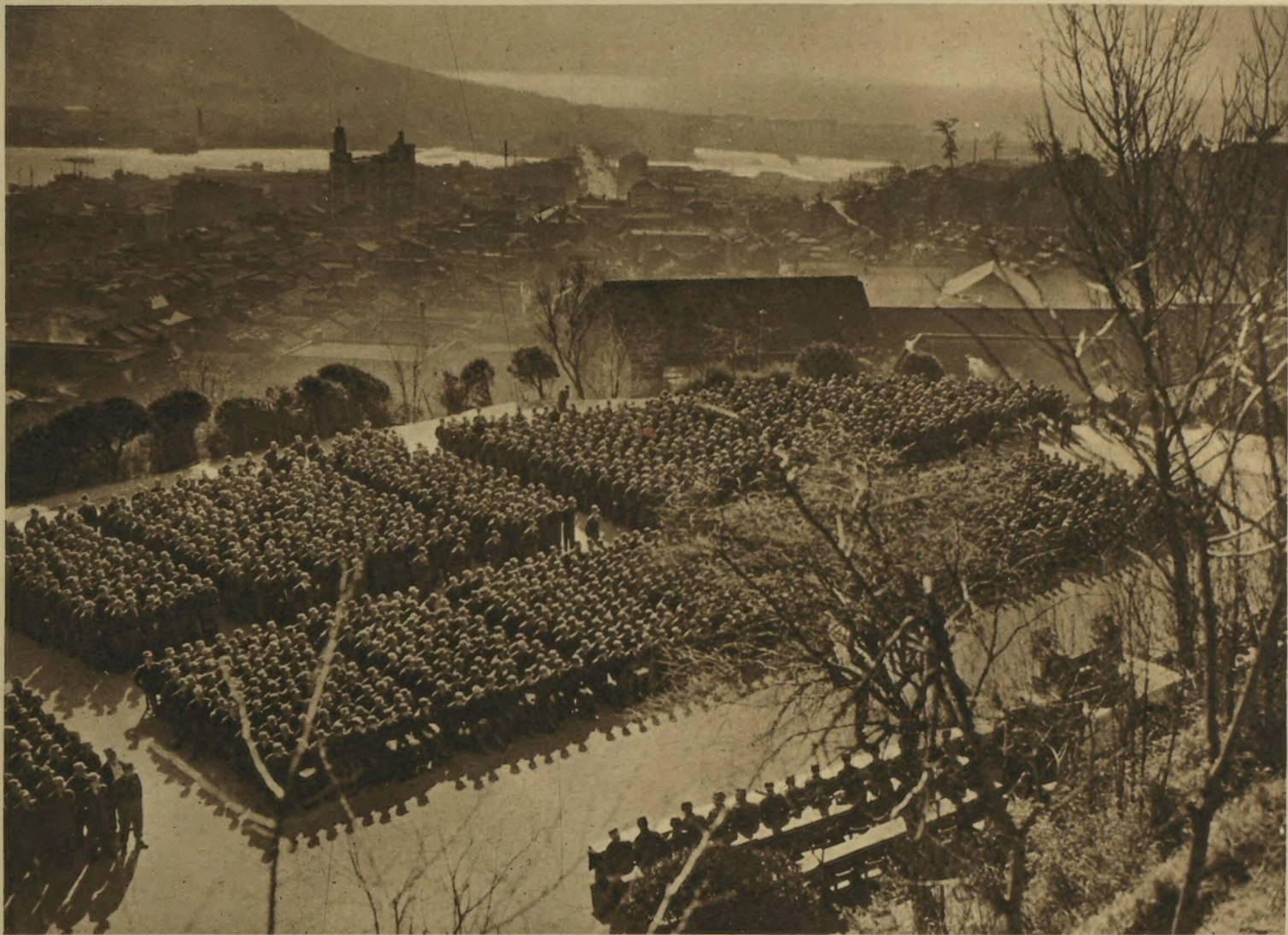
A PHOTOGRAPH FROM CHINESE COMMUNIST SOURCES, ENTITLED "BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR TAKEN BY THE KOREAN PEOPLE'S ARMY AND CHINESE PEOPLE'S VOLUNTEERS."

IN view of the Chinese refusal to give lists or particulars of United Nations prisoners of war in their hands (at the date of writing) the two upper pictures on this page are of exceptional interest. They come from Communist Chinese sources and show a number of clearly identifiable prisoners in their hands. No information is forthcoming with them except that the left one shows British P.O.W.s, the right men of the U.S. 1st Marine Division. Since a Marine Commando was operating with the U.S. Marines in the actions near Changjin reservoir, it would seem likely that these prisoners were taken thereabouts. In the left-hand picture, the leading man is quite clearly wearing a Royal Marine cap badge. The story received with the Peking pictures made the surprising claim that over 11,000

[Continued below, centre.



ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH FROM PEKIN AND STATED TO SHOW PRISONERS OF WAR FROM THE AMERICAN 1ST MARINE DIVISION, PRESUMABLY FROM THE CHANGJIN ACTION.



(ABOVE.) WOUNDED IN ACTION AND RECEIVING MILITARY INSTRUCTION BEFORE RETURNING TO THE FRONT: SOUTH KOREAN SOLDIERS ON A PUSAN PARADE GROUND.

[Continued.]

American troops had been wiped out in North-East Korea, with 1000 captured. On January 24 the official U.S. list of casualties in the whole campaign was 46,201; and General Ridgway on January 28 announced that a conservative estimate of Chinese Communist casualties since January 1 was 40,000 dead and 120,000 wounded.

(LEFT.) CARRYING, AS ALWAYS, HIS GRENADE—AN UNUSUAL WEAPON FOR A GENERAL: (LEFT) LIEUT.-GENERAL RIDGWAY, NOW COMMANDING THE EIGHTH ARMY, WITH MAJOR-GENERAL RUFFNER, COMMANDING THE U.S. 2ND DIVISION.



LIEUT.-GENERAL ALMOND, WHO WAS RECENTLY PROMOTED TO THAT RANK AND WHO COMMANDED X CORPS IN NORTH KOREA, STEPPING OUT OF A HELICOPTER.





#### WINTER WARFARE IN KOREA: BESIDE THE

In the last few days of January it was announced that the forces of the United Nations in Korea had a continuous line of almost 100 miles from the west coast through the mountainous central sector and were considered to be in the strongest position since the Chinese entry into the war in November. The

Eighth Army was said to be in a position to counter flanking thrusts aimed at what were previously weak or undefended sectors. Furthermore, on January 29 the Eighth Army announced that it had cut off elements of five under-strength North Korean divisions which had been infiltrating behind the U.N. lines along

#### IRON WATERS OF A FROZEN RIVER.

the Soebaek mountain range. The majority of these had been cut off in the area of Yongwol and Tanyang, where they had been attempting to turn the Allied right flank, and they were declared to be "no longer capable of organised operations." A number of forward probing actions were being conducted by

the Allies about this date and air reconnaissance had revealed that heavy enemy convoys were still moving forwards. The Chinese were also reported to have used smoke against strafing aircraft for the first time; this, however, merely served to define the target for a jellied-petroleum (napalm) attack.



# WARFARE IN THE SNOW: VIVID FRONT-LINE PHOTOGRAPHS FROM CENTRAL KOREA, REVEALING CURRENT CONDITIONS.



WHITE-CLAD U.S. TROOPS RE-ENTERING WONJU, THE MUCH-DISPUTED KOREAN COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE, WITH SUPPORTING TANKS.



OVER A SNOWY LANDSCAPE, IN THE EARLY MORNING FOG, A POINT COMPANY OF AN ARMoured PATROL IN WHITE CAMOUFLAGE MOVE FORWARD TOWARDS WONJU.



AGAINST A BACKGROUND LIKE A CHINESE PRINT: A DETAIL OF DUTCH TROOPS RETURNS FROM A NIGHT PATROL NEAR WONJU, BEFORE THE U.N. ADVANCE INTO THAT TOWN ON JANUARY 19.



CONDITIONS IN CENTRAL KOREA: ONE U.S. SOLDIER COMES A "FURLER" ON THE ICY ROAD, WHILE ANOTHER WARMS RATIONS ON A WOOD FIRE.



WHILE THE CONVOY IS HALTED IN THE SLIPPERY MOUNTAIN PASS, U.S. SOLDIERS GET OUT THEIR SHOVELS TO CLEAR THE TRACK SOUTH OF WONJU.



THE CREW OF A U.S. TANK HURRIEDLY BUILD A ROADSIDE FIRE, AS THEIR TANK IS HALTED BEFORE ENTERING WONJU, DURING ARCTIC WEATHER CONDITIONS.

Although the pictures on this page were taken in the central sector of the Korean front, in the neighbourhood of Wonju, they are representative of the weather conditions prevailing all along the 100-mile front. At the time of writing, although the enemy was stated to be still massing men and supplies actions were in the most cases initiated by the Eighth Army. Towards the end of January, U.N. troops advanced to within

eleven miles of Seoul before they met any real resistance; and there was a general advance of about three miles on a forty-mile front, in which U.S., British, Turkish and Puerto Rican troops were mentioned. On January 27 a small South Korean force landed at Inchon, covered by warships, and after a successful four-hour operation, withdrew without loss, having presumably secured the required information.



## BRITISH ACHIEVEMENT IN PORTUGAL; AND EVENTS AT HOME RECORDED.



HOUNDS MEET AT TEMPLE BAR: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ENFIELD CHASE HUNT AT THE ENTRANCE TO THEOBALD'S PARK, NEAR WALTHAM CROSS, HERTFORDSHIRE, WHERE LONDON'S HISTORIC TEMPLE BAR WAS RE-ERECTED BY SIR HENRY MEUX IN 1888, HAVING BEEN REMOVED FROM ITS ORIGINAL SITE IN 1878.



ON THE ROCKS AT SPERNIC COVE, NEAR THE LIZARD: THE NEW KING HARRY FERRY-BOAT, WHICH WAS BEING TOWED ON COMPLETION FROM PENZANCE TO FALMOUTH.

The recently completed King Harry ferry-boat was driven ashore between Black Head and Kennack Sands, near the Lizard, on January 27 while being towed from Penzance to Falmouth to replace the old ferry on the River Fal. The new ferry-boat has taken two years to build at a cost of £25,000.



A BRITISH-BUILT DAM INAUGURATED IN PORTUGAL: THE CASTELO DE BODE GENERATING PLANT AND THE ZEZERE DAM, WHICH WERE OPENED ON JANUARY 21.

Portugal's largest hydro-electric power scheme, the Zezere dam and generating plant at Castelo de Bode, 90 miles north of Lisbon, was inaugurated on January 21 by President Carmona. The Portuguese Premier, Dr. Salazar; members of the Government; the British Ambassador, Sir Nigel Ronald; Sir Godfrey Huggins, Premier of Southern Rhodesia; and representatives of the British firms that carried out the construction were among those present. Our photograph was taken after the opening ceremony.



ONE OF THE LARGEST EXHIBITS FOR THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN ARRIVES BY SEA: UNLOADING A 2-8-2 LOCOMOTIVE AT THE SURREY COMMERCIAL DOCKS.

This 2-8-2 W.G.-class locomotive, nearly 80 ft. long and weighing (with its tender) 173 tons, is to be exhibited at the South Bank Exhibition during the Festival of Britain. It is one of the type being built by the North British Locomotive Co., at Glasgow, for the Indian Government Railways.



A FAMILIAR LONDON LANDMARK IN AN UNFAMILIAR GUISE: THE ALBERT MEMORIAL ENCASED IN SCAFFOLDING WHILE BOMB-DAMAGE REPAIRS TO THE BRONZE FIGURES, MARBLE GROUPS, STEPS AND RAILINGS ARE IN PROGRESS. THE MEMORIAL WAS UNVEILED IN 1872 AND THE STATUE IN 1876.



## "STILL THE GREATEST AMERICAN WAR."

**"ORDEAL BY FIRE: An informal history of the American Civil War"; By Fletcher Pratt (With a Preface By D. W. Brogan).\***  
An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

HERE is a one-volume history of the American Civil War. It lasted several years; and Mr. Pratt, endeavouring to squeeze into the covers of his volume every outstanding personality and event of the war, all the strategic and tactical moves in every campaign and battle, all the moral and economic influences which fortified or handicapped men in the struggle, is obliged to subject his reader to "ordeal by fire"—and machine-gun fire at that. His *multum in parvo* scheme involves both compression and explosion: "click-click-click" he has to go, and the reader has not time to pause and meditate. Nor, sometimes, has the writer. For example, one of the most dramatic events of that war—it may even have had an effect on the result, for Jackson was a great general, and generalship was extremely important in that war—was the death of "Stonewall" Jackson at the battle of Chancellorsville. It was a great victory: "the truest, the most splendid victory Robert Lee ever won, against all odds and a commander who had half shut a trap round his army—an absolute masterpiece, beyond which no further art is possible." But great as the victory was, the loss by Jackson's death was not to be computed. This is how Mr. Pratt describes it: "The blow that would drive the last nail in the Union army's coffin must wait till daybreak—and Jackson rode forward to locate the weak spot. There was firing all round; the men of the 33rd North Carolina were being hit by cannon-balls out of the dark, and when they saw shadowy forms moving on their front, they assumed an attack was toward, rose for a volley—and they slew Stonewall Jackson, the great general."

That is precisely how it did not happen. Jackson did not die at once. His left arm was amputated (modern medical science might have saved him), and it wasn't until after another six days that that most able and chivalrous of soldiers died of pneumonia. A historian with more space and leisure at his disposal might have paused here to summarise Jackson's character and achievements, and to have hazarded conjecture as to the difference which might have been made to the fortunes and outcome of the war had Jackson not fallen. Mr. Pratt has not space or time for such meditations and hypotheses. He must rush on with his narrative; though it must be admitted that, within a few pages, he finds room for dramatic description of a sort which smacks more of modern historical fiction than of conventional historical narrative: "New York. The room was full of men, over whose heads floated a thin haze of tobacco-smoke. The wheel stood on a table, with two soldiers beside it, leaning on their bayoneted muskets. They were old soldiers, inviolated out, tall men with beards and long, mournful faces. One of them had the clover of the 11 Corps in his cap. The man with the blindfold groped for the hole and pulled another slip of paper, which Captain Ehrhardt accepted from his hand. 'Joseph F. O'Neill,' he read in a clear voice.

"And I'll not go!" cried a man in shabby clothes, whose face looked as though it had been chewed. 'You can tell old Abe to put that in his pipe and smoke it!'

"There was a chorus of groans and whistles. 'And him with a wife, too!' 'That's the stuff, Joey!' 'Draft some of the rich bastards!' 'Hurrah for the Golden Circle!' Outside, the faces against the dirty

N.B.—The illustrations on this page are not reproduced from the book.

window vanished suddenly, then returned as a louder roar from the street drowned that within. From the platform by the wheel a sea of moving heads could be seen, brimming Third Avenue from side to side and reaching back into Forty-sixth Street. A compact group of men in black shirts and firemen's hats pushed their way to the entrance. One of them shook a bottle at the flag over the door. 'Here's the Black Joke!' 'Hurrah for the Twenty-third Volunteer Firemen!'

There are pages more of this; with complementary pages showing trouble behind the lines in the South. But I think the information might have been conveyed in a less profuse and perfervid way. As a military

in Kentucky—he was in a wheeled chair—a former Colonel of a Carolina Regiment of whom I was told that, whenever a push against the Germans in France was reported, he had enthusiastically exclaimed: "We've got those damned Yankees on the run!" But in England, outside the military academies where the campaigns are still studied, the Civil War retains little interest.

It was interesting enough at the time. There were men in England so passionately hostile to slavery that they were willing to starve rather than help the South in any way; there were others who were so incensed at the high-handedness of the North as to be willing to wage war: there was a widespread sympathy for the fewer and weaker and rural as against the richer and more numerous and more industrial: *The Times* itself, when New Orleans fell (it certainly

took its fences then, rather than sat upon them), printed the news in mourning borders. But, except amongst historians, there is little memory of that war in England to-day, save of a few eloquent and disputable phrases from Lincoln's speeches. For that matter, our own wars in America are little present to the British mind. Burgoyne and Cornwallis, Saratoga and York Town: they are remembered by few, though there is still a general fond recollection of the Boston Tea Party, because that has the fairytale picturesqueness of Alfred and the Cakes—which are unlikely to have been tea-cakes. As for the war of 1812, I believe that I should in vain search the constituency in which I now live for one person who has ever heard of it, let alone of the fact that we burnt down Washington during its preposterous and unnecessary course—though, as we were still trying to save the world from Napoleon, it must be admitted that we had had some provocation.

And I must admit that, technical military matters aside, I am reluctant myself to read again anything about that dreadful war, waged so bitterly, even to the cutting-down of fruit-trees, which at least might have been let alone when the other side's "earth" was being "scorched." Were one able to think that all the right were on one side, one might find a tragic satisfaction in Lee's surrender—"There is nothing left for me to do but to go and see General Grant, and I would rather die a thousand deaths," he said—as one does in Charles I.'s noble death on the scaffold; though, reading of the latter, one is consoled by knowing that the Restoration is still to come. But, strongly though one may feel that the "rebels" had at least as much right to secede from the Union as George Washington and his friends (as he was a

successful rebel, his statue now stands in Trafalgar Square, knowledge of which would cause George III. no little surprise) had to secede from the British Empire, their mulish persistence in demanding not merely the retention but the extension of the slavery on which their economy depended throws one's sympathies over to the other party. There was unreason on both sides: there was great nobility on both sides; on both sides there was a great waste of the best blood in America; and the scars have taken long to heal. When obvious right is in conflict with obvious wrong, one can contemplate the fight, whatever its issue, with joy: Thermopylae was a defeat, but it is certainly not saddening. But, when one sympathises with and is sorry for both exhausted antagonists, the spectacle is depressing.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 188 of this issue.

GREAT PERSONALITIES OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR—IN HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPHS.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN VISITS THE FORCES OF THE NORTH IN THE FIELD: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY MATTHEW B. BRADY, LINCOLN'S FAVOURITE PHOTOGRAPHER AND A FAMOUS EARLY MASTER OF THE ART.



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE: THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMIES OF THE SOUTH. AFTER THE WAR HE BECAME PRESIDENT OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE.



GENERAL "STONEWALL" JACKSON: GENERAL LEE'S CHIEF SUBORDINATE IN THE WAR, UNTIL HIS DEATH AT CHANCELLORSVILLE IN 1863.



GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT: COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE VICTORIOUS FORCES OF THE NORTH AND PRESIDENT OF THE U.S. FROM 1869 TO 1877.

All of these photographs are of historic and intrinsic interest. Those of Lee and Jackson are from the archives of *The Illustrated London News*, and were sent to us in the 1860's by the artist Frank Vizetelly, whose sketches of the American Civil War were then appearing in the paper. Impressed into the mount of each is the following, which is of some interest: "Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1863 by Minnis and Cowell in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court of the Confederate States for the Eastern Dist. of Virginia." The famous and well-known photograph of Lincoln visiting his generals was taken by that first of all war photographers, Matthew B. Brady, who enjoyed Lincoln's special patronage. Brady also took the portrait of Grant and the negative of this and many others was only recently discovered in the loft of a barn at Owego, New York; and it is reproduced by courtesy of Ansco Division, General Aniline and Film Corporation.

historian Mr. Pratt certainly has merits, and his numerous maps admirably illustrate his narrative. But I think that with English readers he may fall between two stools: the serious students may find the continual cinematic excitement rather trying, and those who want to extract from the war the "Gone With the Wind" kind of romance (which was certainly there) may find themselves confronted with a plethora of forgotten place-names and dispositions of battalions and batteries. I say "with English readers." As Mr. Brogan points out in his introduction, the Civil War is still to Americans the greatest conflict in their history: it was tragically bloody, it made memorable great tracts of land which had previously little or no recorded history, and it solved two great disputed issues. It sank deep into the national consciousness, especially of the beaten side; and heroic memories are still treasured in States where the hatchet has been buried. Shortly after the Kaiser's War I met

\* "Ordeal by Fire: An Informal History of the American Civil War." By Fletcher Pratt. With a Preface by D. W. Brogan. 50 Maps. (The Bodley Head; 15s.)





**BRILLIANT AND TEMPERATE EXPONENT AT LAKE SUCCESS OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS COMMUNIST CHINA  
AND THE KOREAN CRISIS : SIR GLADWYN JEBB, BRITAIN'S REPRESENTATIVE AT THE UNITED NATIONS.**

The vitally important task of expounding the British Government's attitude to the Korean crisis before the Political Committee of the United Nations was brilliantly carried out by Sir Gladwyn Jebb on January 25. In a powerful yet temperate speech he voiced an appeal for an unquestionable understanding of the Peking Government's attitude before the United Nations proceed with any penal measures. He said that this country is broadly in agreement with the American proposal to condemn China for aggression in Korea, but pointed out that he would be less than frank if he did not express the gravest doubts about the wisdom of further measures, and begged

that no effort be spared in exploring the intentions of Peking in the search for a peaceful and honourable settlement. He clearly expounded the reason for the British view that Peking should occupy the Chinese seat in the United Nations. Since that Government alone controlled the territory of China, and alone was able to carry out any international obligations China might assume, it was in no way appeasement to recognise these facts, and there was no question of bargaining over the matter. He also said: "We are not going to be so foolish as to allow this apparent difference of tactics between us and our friends to develop into a serious rift."

*Exclusive portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.*



# RAZED BY THE ERUPTION OF MT. LAMINGTON: SANGARA, NEW GUINEA.



NORTH-EAST OF THE OWEN STANLEY RANGE: THE MOUNTAIN SPUR WHICH INCLUDES MOUNT LAMINGTON SEEN FROM ERORO MISSION STATION. THE BUILDINGS WERE LEFT BY THE U.S. ARMY.



SWEPT BY A STREAM OF LAVA: THE MISSION STATION AT SANGARA. A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A SINGING LESSON IN PROGRESS NEAR THE MISSION HOUSE (RIGHT), HOME OF THE REV. DENNIS TAYLOR.



THE MATERIAL UPON WHICH THE MISSIONARIES WORK: A TYPICAL PAPUAN NATIVE IN SANGARA.



PREACHING THE GOSPEL (WITH THE AID OF AN INTERPRETER) TO A CROWD OF NATIVES: THE LATE REV. DENNIS TAYLOR, A LONDON ANGLICAN MISSIONARY.



A NATIVE TEACHER AT SANGARA: NICODEMUS, WHO TRAINED AT ST. AIDAN'S COLLEGE.



LAI D WASTE BY THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT LAMINGTON: THE MARTYRS' MEMORIAL SCHOOL AT SANGARA, WHICH WAS IN CHARGE OF MR. TAYLOR.



TYPICAL OF THE INHABITANTS OF PAPUA, MANY HUNDREDS OF WHOM PERISHED IN THE ERUPTION: A GROUP OF NATIVES, SOME WEARING NOSE-STICKS.

What is believed to have been one of the worst volcanic disasters in history started on January 18 when Mount Lamington, in Papua, New Guinea, erupted, causing some 4000 native and a number of European casualties. It has been reported that a large part of the northern side of the mountain has been blown away and an area of over twenty square miles devastated. A radio message from the Administrator, Colonel J. K. Murray, who flew over the Higaturu area (a township within eight miles of the volcano) said that nobody was seen in the twenty villages at the base of the

mountain. Dr. Gunther, Director of Public Health, likens the devastation in the region of the volcano to that which could be caused by an atomic bomb. Grim reports from Higaturu, and Sangara mission station about a mile to the north-east, have been received from Mr. Ivan Champion, the director of District Services, who led a rescue party to the devastated area. He found the road between Higaturu and Sangara strewn with bodies. There were bodies everywhere, even hanging from trees, where people apparently died trying to escape from the hot ground.



# VICTIMS OF THE MT. LAMINGTON DISASTER: MISSIONARIES AT SANGARA, NEW GUINEA.



WITH HER YOUNGEST CHILD, RUTH, BORN IN 1950, IN HER ARMS: MRS. DENNIS TAYLOR AND HER SON ROSS (RIGHT).



THE TWO YOUNGER SONS OF MR. AND MRS. TAYLOR: ROSS (LEFT) AND RUSSELL (RIGHT) PHOTOGRAPHED IN SANGARA IN AUGUST, 1949. MR. TAYLOR AND ONE SON WERE KILLED, HIS WIFE AND OTHER CHILDREN ARE MISSING.



WITH THEIR ELDEST SON, JOHN: MR. AND MRS. DENNIS TAYLOR (c. 1945), WHO RAN THE MISSION STATION AT SANGARA.



VICTIMS OF THE VOLCANIC DISASTER: MISSION CHILDREN AND VILLAGE SCHOOL-CHILDREN AT SANGARA WITH THE EUROPEAN WORKERS AND THEIR FAMILIES.



ONE OF THE EUROPEAN MISSIONARIES WITH A NATIVE TEACHER: MISS MARGARET DE BIBRA, WHO LOST HER LIFE AS A RESULT OF THE ERUPTION.



PRIEST IN CHARGE OF THE ANGLICAN MISSION AT SANGARA: THE REV. DENNIS TAYLOR (RIGHT), WHO LOST HIS LIFE; WITH THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

Among the many casualties in New Guinea caused by the eruption of Mount Lamington, described elsewhere in this issue, was the Rev. Dennis Taylor, who was priest in charge of the Anglican mission at Sangara. After the first eruptions he made his way to Popondetta to render aid there, when the volcano again burst into life and he immediately returned, hoping to rescue his family. Later he was found staggering along with his legs almost burned away. He was taken to Popondetta, where he died. The body of one of his four children was found in the damaged mission house at Sangara, not burned at all, but—at the time of writing—no trace has been found

of his wife and the other three children. It was reported on January 25 that Mount Lamington, which had never been known to erupt before this occasion, was likely to do so again.—The territory of New Guinea covers an area of 93,000 square miles and was occupied by Australian forces in September, 1914. Under a mandate from the League of Nations in 1920, the Australian Government established its civil administration in the area, which has now been placed under the trusteeship system established under the Charter of the United Nations, with Australia as the sole administering authority.



# ROUTINE WORK OF A VOLCANOLOGIST: INSPECTING VOLCANIC CRATERS AND HOT SPRINGS IN RABAU.



ON THEIR WAY TO EXAMINE THE CRATER OF TAVURVUR (LEFT FOREGROUND): MR. G. A. TAYLOR (AT REAR) AND TWO FRIENDS BEGINNING THE ASCENT.



WITH THE FUMEROLES STILL GIVING OFF GAS AND STEAM: THE CRATER OF TAVURVUR, ON THE EASTERN SHORE OF RABAU HARBOUR, SEEN FROM THE AIR.



PART OF HIS WEEKLY OBSERVATION: MR. G. A. TAYLOR USING HIS THERMOMETER IN A FUMEROLE CREVICE. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE ENTRANCE TO RABAU HARBOUR.



SAMPLING WATER FROM A HOT SPRING NEAR RABAU: MR. G. A. TAYLOR, THE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT VOLCANOLOGIST, WHOSE WORK INVOLVES GREAT DANGER.

After the volcanic eruption of Mount Lamington, in New Guinea, Mr. G. A. Taylor, the young Australian volcanologist to the New Guinea Administration—whose headquarters are at Rabaul, New Britain—soon arrived in the area. He reported that there was danger of another eruption and warned all in Popondetta—four miles beyond the area blasted by the explosion on January 21, and within nine miles of the volcano—to be prepared to move to Ambi within forty-eight hours. Mr. Taylor examined the crater from a small aircraft, in which he sometimes flew as low

as 100 ft. He found that Mount Lamington was 3000 ft. high as compared with 5000 ft. the previous week, the explosion having blown some 2000 ft. off the peak. Part of Mr. Taylor's routine job consists of weekly observation of the volcanic craters and hot springs which practically surround the Rabaul area in New Britain; he takes temperatures and records seismographic disturbances. On Mr. Taylor's advice, the Administration would evacuate Rabaul, a volcanic danger area, to centres already prepared should conditions cause alarm.





**A MAN WITH A DANGEROUS AND UNUSUAL JOB: MR. G. A. TAYLOR (LEFT), THE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT VOLCANOLOGIST, WHO HAS BEEN EXAMINING MOUNT LAMINGTON, IN PAPUA, NEW GUINEA.**

A young Australian who was formerly a geologist with the Bureau of Mineral Resources at Canberra has now got a most unusual and dangerous job. He is volcanologist to the New Guinea Administration, with his headquarters at Rabaul, New Britain. Since the volcanic eruption of Mount Lamington, part of a spur of the Owen Stanley Range, near Buna, on the north coast of Papua, he has examined the

crater from a small aircraft in which he sometimes flew as low as 100 ft. Our photograph shows Mr. Taylor, assisted by friends, making his way over the crater edge of Tavurvur, a volcano on the eastern shore of Rabaul Harbour, New Britain. He is holding in his hand the thermometer used in taking temperatures of the fumeroles. A slip here would mean a 300-ft. drop to the crater floor.



## THE HUNTER-FISHERS OF MESOLITHIC YORKSHIRE: FURTHER REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES FROM THE TEN-THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD STAR CARR SITE.

By DR. GRAHAME CLARK, F.S.A.

IMPORTANT progress has been made during the past summer in exploring the settlement of Middle Stone Age hunter-fishers at Star Carr, Seamer, near Scarborough, previously reported in *The Illustrated London News* (October 29, 1949). Careful investigation of the bog surrounding the settlement

traces of tree-felling yet observed (Figs. 2 and 8). Tightly-wound rolls of birch-bark were again found, and also a number of bracket fungi of a species (*Fomes fomentarius*) characteristic of northern birch-woods.

Apart from dogs—represented by no more than a single leg-bone—the Star Carr people kept no domestic animals. First and foremost they hunted red deer and roe deer, but remains of elk and wild ox were also common, and wild pig, beaver, fox, marten, badger and hare were also represented. The proximity of the lake is emphasised by the kinds of birds represented, namely red-throated diver, greater and lesser grebe, merganser, stork and crane. The people lived on wild animals, supplemented by various vegetable foods and, most probably, by fish, and from these also they obtained many of the materials needed for clothing, shelter, tools and weapons. Sometimes bones would be used directly without further preparation. For instance, we found this year a cannon-bone of an elk bruised along the edges of one face towards the end, as though it had been used as a rod for flaking flint. An ox metacarpal bone, pitted on one face, may have served as an anvil for a flint-knapper, for which it would have been well suited by reason of its stability when laid flat on the ground.

Among finished objects made from animal materials barbed points were much the most numerous. Nearly all of them were spear-heads or prongs, but at least one was a harpoon-head, with a hole for securing the line (Figs. 7 and 9). A new feature was the discovery of three specimens made from bone, but against these the site has yielded 122 of antler.

The comparative neglect of bone on a site so prolific in this material is one of the distinctive features of the culture represented at Seamer. Among the few bones shaped into implements were the metapodial bones of elk and wild ox. During the first season we noted several sawn-off ends of ox metapodials, and it was satisfactory this time to recover tools made from the remaining portions, apparently scraping implements.

In some ways the most outstanding object found this year was a magnificent adze- or mattock-head cut from the lower portion of an elk antler and having the actual blade and working-edge fashioned from the adhering bone (Fig. 4). This bone portion has been finished by grinding, very much in the same technique as one finds elsewhere on stone objects. The head

appears that when originally fashioned the frontlets still carried the beams of their antlers up to or just above the trez (third or royal) tine, though these were reduced in girth to about a quarter and hollowed out. In every case the brow (lowest) tine was evidently retained, though in similarly attenuated form, and sometimes the bez (second) tine as well. Evidently it was intended that the antlers should retain something of their profiles, while being greatly lightened. This and the perforations at the back suggest that the frontlets were meant to be worn, either for cult purposes or under certain conditions as an aid in hunting.

Both in their general mode of life and in their cultural expression, the Seamer people are closely



FIG. 1. AT STAR CARR, THE REMARKABLE MESOLITHIC SITE NEAR SCARBOROUGH: USING THE VACUUM CHAMBER AND PUMP FOR TREATING ANIMAL REMAINS IN THE FIELD. THIS TASK WAS CARRIED OUT BY AN EXPERIMENTAL OFFICER OF THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM. Scarborough Corporation photograph.

and of the sections exposed in the course of the archaeological excavation has shown that the Middle Stone Age inhabitants lived as close as possible to the margin of the lake, which for a period after the Ice Age still occupied this part of the Vale of Pickering. In order to do so they threw down a rough flooring or platform of birch brushwood, consolidated by stones and wads of stiff clay, on to the Phragmites reeds bordering the lake. (See reconstruction on pages 172-173.) The only fireplace yet found was set back on drier ground, but the distribution of worked flints, stone beads and antler and bone debris shows that the Stone Age people lived and worked on the brushwood flooring as close as possible to open water. Before the exact area of the flooring can be established, further excavation will be needed; but the indications are that it was hardly large enough to accommodate more than a family group. It is probable that the site was only occupied seasonally, but there are signs that it was revisited over a period.

The discovery of thousands of worked flints, representing every stage in the process of manufacture, shows that flint-knapping was a leading activity. Among the characteristic products were the small, pointed flakes with battered backs used for barbing and tipping arrowheads, and possibly for other purposes—and one such was found with much of the resin used to secure it to the original shaft or handle. Flint scrapers needed for preparing skins for clothing, and possibly for tents and canoes, were also found, as well as burins or gravers used for shaping implements and weapons from bone and antlers, and small axe- or adze-blades for working wood.

A feature of the site, and the chief reason why The Prehistoric Society decided to press forward with its exploration, was the degree to which organic materials like bone, antler, bark and wood survived. Among the most interesting finds this season were birch-trees apparently cut down by Middle Stone Age



FIG. 2. PERHAPS THE EARLIEST KNOWN EXAMPLE OF FELLED TREES: BIRCH-TREES, FELLED SOME 10,000 YEARS AGO, LYING ON WHAT WAS THEN THE SHORE OF A LAKE IN THE VALE OF PICKERING. THE POINTED BASE OF THE LARGER TRUNK IS CONTIGUOUS WITH THE SOUTHERN MARGIN OF THE BRUSHWOOD FLOORING. THE WHITE METRE-RULE GIVES THE SCALE.

Photograph, Walker Studios, Scarborough.

allied to the "Maglemosian" hunter-fishers who occupied the plain of Northern Europe during an early stage of the Post-glacial Period at a time when Britain was still joined to the Continent. Yet the more we learn about them, the clearer becomes the difference between their culture and that revealed so fully in the Danish bogs. It is particularly significant that the marked preference for antler, and the method of working it by removing strips, which helps to distinguish the culture of the Yorkshire people from that of their Danish analogues, serves also to link it with the earlier reindeer-hunting peoples of the Late Glacial Period.

Investigation of the fossil pollen and other plant remains has shown that the Seamer site is in fact older than any of the Continental Maglemosian ones at which bone or antler work has been recovered; it belongs to a time before the great spread of hazel and the incoming of the warmth-demanding trees, when the trees growing in this part of the world were restricted to birch, willow and pine. Whereas the Seamer settlement belongs to the close of the Pre-boreal Period or its transition to the Early Boreal, the classic Maglemosian dates from the Early or Late

Boreal stage. While one is chary of exact dates, it may be recalled that the Pre-boreal Period is usually assigned to 8000 to 7000 B.C. It is also of interest that the averages of two radio-carbon tests made by the Institute of Nuclear Studies at Chicago University of samples of birch brushwood from the 1949 excavations, give a date within the range 7888-7188 B.C.



FIG. 3. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE STAR CARR EXCAVATIONS DURING THE 1950 SEASON. THE PIPES AND PUMPING EQUIPMENT INDICATE THE UBIQUITY OF WATER. THE PHOTOGRAPH LOOKS SOUTHWARDS OVER WHAT WAS ORIGINALLY THE BED OF THE LAKE.

Photograph, Walker Studios, Scarborough.

was perforated so that the handle must have been set in at an acute angle. The most obvious use of such a tool would have been for grubbing up roots, or even for digging holes for traps or similar purposes.

Several more red deer frontlets were found this year, having holes made through the parietal bones (Fig. 6). Some of these were more complete and it



## FROM A UNIQUE SITE: RED DEER "HELMETS" AND STAGS' HORN SPEARS.



FIG. 4. MAGLEMOSIAN MAN'S DIGGING TOOL: A MATTOCK FORMED FROM THE BASE OF AN ELK HORN, WITH BONE ATTACHED, FITTED TO A SHAFT TO DEMONSTRATE THE MODE OF USE.



FIG. 5. AMONG THE ANIMAL REMAINS FOUND ON THE STAR CARR SITE: THE SKULL AND HORNS OF WHAT APPEARS TO BE AN OX OF THE *BOS PRIMIGENIUS* TYPE.



FIG. 6. THE MOST REMARKABLE OF THE STAR CARR FINDS: RED DEER FRONTLETS, PREPARED FOR HUNTING OR CULT PURPOSES.



FIG. 7. SPEAR-HEADS AND (EXTREME LEFT) A HARPOON WITH HOLE FOR LINE MADE FROM RED DEER ANTLERS.



FIG. 8. AN OBLIQUE VIEW OF PART OF THE MESOLITHIC FLOORING REVEALED AT STAR CARR. STONES AND LUMPS OF CLAY TO STABILISE THE BRUSHWOOD CAN BE SEEN. (METRE SCALE.)

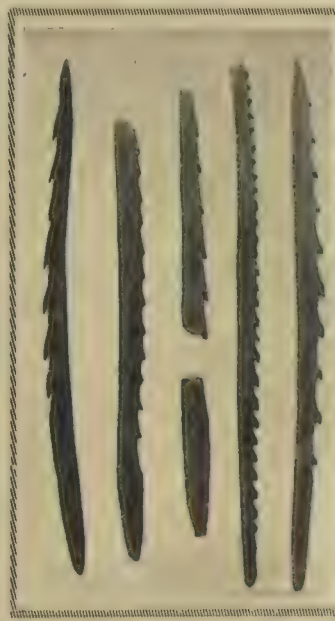


FIG. 9. FURTHER BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLES OF THE SPEAR-HEADS CUT FROM RED DEER ANTLER-STRIP.



FIGS. 10 AND 11. LOWER JAWS OF (ABOVE) RED DEER AND (BELOW) ELK WHICH HAVE BEEN BROKEN OPEN AT THE BASE BY MESOLITHIC MAN TO GET AT THE MARROW, WHICH IS PARTICULARLY SUCCULENT IN THESE BONES.



FIG. 12. RED DEER ANTLERS FOUND AT STAR CARR, THOSE ABOVE FROM YOUNG STAGS, THE TWO BELOW FROM ADULTS. IN THE LOWER PAIR STRIPS HAVE BEEN CUT TO MAKE SPEAR-HEADS AS IN FIGS. 7 AND 9.

We show on this page photographs of some of the remarkable discoveries made during the second season's excavations of the Mesolithic lakeside site of Star Carr, near Scarborough, which are described on the opposite page by Dr. Grahame Clark, who was in charge. The excavation has been carried out by the Prehistoric Society, the labour being mainly provided by students from Cambridge University.

The British Museum (Natural History) has co-operated in the preservation and identification of the animal remains; and the Scarborough Corporation has throughout shown the keenest interest and has provided valuable practical help. It will be recalled that this important field of prehistoric research was opened up by Mr. John W. Moore. [Fig. 8: photograph by Walker Studios, Scarborough.]





**YORKSHIREMEN OF TEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO: A RECONSTRUCTION OF LIFE ON THE MIDDLE STONE AGE LAKESIDE SITE OF STAR CARR, NEAR SCARBOROUGH, SHOWING TYPICAL ARTEFACTS AND ACTIVITIES.**

In our issue of October 29, 1949, Dr. Grahame Clark, F.S.A., described the discovery and excavation of the remarkable Mesolithic lakeside site of Star Carr, not far from Scarborough—which promised to be the most important discovery of the hunter-fisher men of what is called the Maglemosian culture of north-west Europe. These men occupied lakeside camping places and their culture seems to be based on the use of stag's horn and flint instruments; and the site discovered at Star Carr (and so completely preserved in the wet peat bog

appears to have been the camping-place of a family group. Excavation has been continued during 1950 and the latest discoveries (described by Dr. Grahame Clark on page 170) have been incorporated in this reconstruction drawing of what the scene may have looked like during its occupation about 10,000 years ago. In the foreground can be seen the rough flooring of birch brushwood thrown down among the reeds bordering the lake. Beyond is a zone of water lilies and then the open water of the lake, which then occupied much of this

part of the Vale of Pickering. Across the water to the south is the northern escarpment of the Yorkshire Wolds, with open birch-woods on their lower slopes. The forest of the time was restricted by the climate to birch, willow and pine, this being before the spread of hazel and other warmth-demanding trees. Members of the group can be seen breaking up an elk, preparing a hide, and stripping off rolls of birch bark. In the centre two are working at cutting splinters from antlers; a standing man is knapping flint; and on the extreme

right an axe formed by setting a flint in an antler handle is being used to fell a birch-tree. In attitudes typical of all ages of history and prehistory, children play by the lakeside and a mother suckles her baby. In the foreground can be seen typical artefacts (mentioned in Dr. Grahame Clark's article) such as a harpoon, antler-tipped spears, axes and mattocks made from flint or horn or both, a bow and arrow and—above the group of birds—a remarkable red deer frontlet, which may have been used for cult or, possibly, decoy purposes.

*Specialised drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Alan Sorrell and based on information supplied by Dr. Grahame Clark, Dr. Fraser, of the British Museum (Natural History), and by Dr. H. Godwin, F.R.S., and Mr. D. Walker, of the Sub-Department of Quaternary Research, Cambridge.*



ON March 6, 1799, the truce between the French and Austrians was broken in Switzerland, and hard fighting developed, the start of a celebrated campaign. Meanwhile in Germany, where a truce also existed, some aggressive moves took place on both sides, but for the time being there was no war. A week after its outbreak in Switzerland, on March 13, Jourdan's chief of staff, reconnoitring the town of Stockach, met two Austrian vedettes outside, and asked if he might go in to bait his horses. The Austrian cavalymen made no objection to this; in fact, their sergeant treated him with "exquisite politeness," and he dined in comfort in the town. A few days later still, Jourdan wrote to the Archduke Charles to ask whether it was true that he had received from his Government messages addressed to the French Directory and orders not to engage in hostilities. Prince Schwarzenberg, afterwards famous as the Allied Commander-in-Chief, came to the French outposts to give verbal information that this was not the case. Serious fighting began in Germany on March 20.

When we come upon incidents of this sort—and they are not uncommon in old wars—we are apt to find them somewhat ludicrous, and to conclude that in our own more extreme age such a localised form of warfare could not exist. Yet in fact these things always repeat themselves eventually. In very different circumstances, but on similar principles, a localised war has for some time been in progress in Korea. One side has derived great advantages from this state of affairs; the other may have found certain conveniences in it, but on the whole it has proved a heavy handicap. The United States Government was prepared to accept the situation while negotiations were in prospect or actually going on, though even then the military commanders disliked it intensely. When these negotiations broke down owing to the unbending attitude of the Chinese

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

have complained bitterly of the prohibition placed on such action, and have been inclined to assume that all would have been different if this had not existed. There they may have exaggerated. The Chinese lines of communication have since been greatly lengthened, without the threat to the United Nations forces having been seriously decreased. The gamble, however, went further. Chinese machine-industry, which is in general closely concentrated, was virtually without defence against air attack and might have been almost ruined. It seems to me unlikely that the Chinese Government would have made this move if it had not counted upon the nervousness created in the minds of Governments other than that of the United States, particularly the British, and their unwillingness to support their partner. The Chinese action, in fact, recalls that of Hitler on various occasions, notably in the remilitarisation of the Rhineland. It is an unpleasant memory, but it is hard to avoid it.

It would be unfair not to recognise the dilemma in which Mr. Attlee, who may stand as the chief opponent to action, has been placed. Deeper embroilment with China, with the situation in Europe what it is, might have calamitous results. Even if it could be isolated, war with China would be unwelcome. There is some risk that, were the United States air forces to attack objectives in China, a considerable section of the Russian Air Force in the Far East might be "lent" to China to carry out retaliatory

Nor does it appear to me that our commentators on the war, above all, those of statesmen, who ought to set an example to other publicists in such matters, have shown due comprehension of the American point of view. The American casualty list in Korea has already become very long. Nine-tenths of the burden has been borne by the United States—even the independent commando of the British Royal Marines wore its uniform—

and in some cases a certain amount of pressure seems to have been needed before other States made any contribution at all. Perhaps mistakes have been made in the conduct of the campaign; for instance, by not halting at the 38th Parallel or, later, on what has been called the "waist" of Northern Korea. I am not prepared to pin myself to the statement that these were mistakes; so far as I know, military opinion in this country generally favoured the advance beyond the 38th Parallel but not that beyond the "waist." This hardly suffices to absolve the critics from the charges of want of sympathetic understanding and of generosity. It may be retorted that I myself devoted my last two articles to criticism; but there I was simply in search of lessons from the battlefields and writing almost in the abstract. Finally, it seems that our attitude may be unwise in view of recent trends of American opinion on the defence of Western Europe, which I dealt with in two previous articles.

At the time of writing, it is not possible to foresee how these great and distressing problems will be solved, and, indeed, much will probably depend upon a factor as yet unknown—the fate of the United Nations forces in Korea. (It is at least encouraging to hear on good authority that they are in improved form and have confidence in themselves. If they had lost some recently there could be no blame, since it is highly prejudicial to military spirit when a campaign appears to be fought with no definite end in



"AS REGARDS HONG KONG," WRITES CAPTAIN FALLS ON THIS PAGE, "CONCILIATION IN KOREA WOULD PROBABLY LEAD TO A RENEWAL OF DEMANDS FOR ITS CESSION TO CHINA." A VIEW OF THE ISLAND FROM ABOVE THE MAINLAND AIRPORT, KAI TAK, WHICH LIES BESIDE THE CITY OF KOWLOON, ADDED TO THE COLONY IN 1860.

Government, the feeling spread among many who had previously hesitated that artificial restriction should be brought to an end. This view was immediately voiced by the President, and on January 20, the House of Representatives passed a resolution that the United Nations should declare Communist China to be an aggressor. I need not follow the proceedings further, except to note that support for the American view was limited and that grave doubts were expressed about the proposals put forward.

It is clear that since the Chinese intervention the war in Korea has been a Chinese war. The Chinese helped to re-equip and set on their feet again North Korean divisions which had fled north in hopeless rout before the United Nations counter-offensive. A large number of these were made to a certain extent battle-worthy, and about half of them have again been employed. They have rendered useful service to the Chinese in action, particularly in the centre and in the eastern mountains of the peninsula. It was these divisions which effected the penetration east of Wonju, thus threatening United Nations lines of communication to the south. They have, however, become the tools of the Chinese, who have taken over the general conduct of the war, and whose numerous troops became, by the beginning of December, the main striking force opposed to the United Nations. Earlier the Chinese merely gave aid to the North Koreans; from December they began to wage war against the United Nations. Logically, there can be no doubt that China is an aggressor. The real question under discussion has been, not whether this is the case, but whether it is prudent and timely to recognise and act upon the fact that China has replaced as an aggressor the North Korean Republic.

Communist China gambled boldly when the decision was taken to cross the Yalu in force. It gambled in the first instance on the probability that its bases and lines of communications north of the river would not be attacked from the air. The American land and air commanders

attacks on the land forces of the United Nations in Korea. The attitude of Mr. Nehru, which comes near to being sympathetic to China, has to be taken into account. Hong Kong cannot be forgotten. On the other hand, if the forces of the United Nations were to yield to a composition which increased Chinese prestige—and it is difficult to imagine one which would not—the effects would be disastrous not only in Asia but throughout the world. Events in Korea have already exercised an unfortunate influence in Europe and the British attitude has incurred the criticism of both the great political parties in the United States. As regards Hong Kong, conciliation in Korea would probably lead to a renewal of demands for its cession to Communist China.

I myself cannot be fairly accused of taking a bellicose line over this war, since at its outset I ventured to question the policy of picking up the challenge of the North Koreans, though there again I realised how painful was the dilemma with which the United States was faced. I felt, when in the third week of January the United States Government proposed that China should be declared to be an aggressor, that Britain, France, and other nations had considerable justification for their view that it was too early to abandon all hope of successful negotiation. Yet I also felt that the advocates of patience over-simplified their case. If you virtually inform your enemy in war that you do not intend to push the contest to its limit; if you let him become aware that you propose to fight without the aid of one of your weapons, because you do not desire to enrage him; if you then go on to say that you hope, for the sake of humanity, he will agree to a suspension of arms, though you are not prepared to consider the demands which are known to be nearest to his heart—what sort of answer are you likely to get from his Government? Surely it must be plain that a few blows in return have a better chance of convincing him of the desirability of negotiation than any such appeal to sweet reason.

view.) My own opinion is that the United States would have been wiser to hold her hand a little longer, but that she is within her rights in deciding that Communist China should formally be declared an aggressor. Moreover, despite what has been said by unofficial spokesmen, the State Department has made no suggestion that Chinese bases would automatically be attacked. The intention seems rather to be to proceed against China by economic measures in the first instance. It is becoming apparent that the success of the United States in securing for her resistance to the violation of the freedom of the Republic of Korea the authority of the United Nations has certain disadvantages. It appeared to be a brilliant policy, but it cannot be said to have panned out as well as it promised at the outset.

In these events lie lessons for the nations of the North Atlantic Treaty. The dangers and weaknesses inherent in Coalitions are indeed nothing new; but each generation which enters into such pacts has to learn them afresh, whether their objects are lofty, as in this instance, or base as in that of the Russo-German pact of 1939. There is always a natural tendency for the strongest nation to carry others along with it; but this increases its responsibility in their eyes and when things go wrong weakens their solidarity. The danger of rifts is increased in the case of two nations like the United States and Britain: one forthright and impetuous in international affairs, the other traditionally slow to move, cautious, and empirical. It can be taken for granted that they will have to face other crises. No international machinery, however grandiose and efficient, will suffice to surmount them without fuller mutual understanding and greater elasticity than has been revealed by the differences over policy in Korea. It behoves all the Atlantic Treaty Powers, but these two specially, to see that it does not founder upon the rocks amid which the historian sees the wreckage of so many alliances of the past.



WHERE BRITONS HAVE REGISTERED FOR EMERGENCY SERVICE:  
HONG KONG—THE COMMONWEALTH'S FRONTIER WITH COMMUNISM.



ONE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST NATURAL HARBOURS: LOOKING ACROSS VICTORIA HARBOUR FROM THE PEAK TOWARDS KOWLOON. CENTRE, THE CRUISER H.M.S. LONDON.



LOOKING FROM KOWLOON TO THE PEAK: IN THE HARBOUR CAN BE SEEN SOME OF THE VARIED SHIPPING—SAMPANS, A "GLEN" LINER, AND THE STAR FERRY.



A HONG KONG HAIRCUT: THE SCENE AT A WAYSIDE BARBER'S, WITH THE MOTHER SLIPPING OFF HER SHOES TO GET A BETTER GRIP OF THE WALL, IN CASE THE BABY STRUGGLES.



A CHINESE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN HONG KONG, WITH A SUCCESSION OF BANDS, AND IDEOGRAPHED BANNERS, STATING WHICH FRIENDS OF THE DECEASED HAVE SUBSCRIBED.



A HONG KONG HOLIDAY: A DRAGON BOAT RACE TAKING PLACE DURING THE FESTIVAL OF THAT NAME. THE SCENE IS WORTHY OF THE BRUSH OF AN ORIENTAL CANALETTO.

THE year 1950 has been one of mingled prosperity and anxiety for the Colony of Hong Kong, whose land frontier in the New Territories is the British Commonwealth's only frontier with Communism. The trade for the year gave an imports total of \$(HK)3,787,600,000, and an exports total of \$(HK)3,715,500,000, the value of the Hong Kong dollar being 1s. 3d., and these figures representing an advance of nearly 50 per cent. on the previous year. A very large proportion of this trade was done with China. On January 9, however, the American Consul-General in Hong Kong recommended American citizens that they should consider evacuating dependants while normal transport facilities were available. This advice was much resented in Hong Kong, and was considered to reflect on the Colony's security. On January 12 the Hong Kong authorities, however, gazetted emergency regulations requiring all British subjects over the age of seventeen to register for national service in the event of an emergency. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the Commissioner-General in South-East Asia, who was in the Colony on that date, stated that the British authorities did not expect any developments in the near future which would expose Hong Kong to danger; and a Government spokesman said that no immediate call-up of those registered under the new decree was contemplated. Mr. MacDonald also said that the policy of the authorities was one of complete non-interference in the affairs of other territories and a resolution to resist any attempt at external interference in the affairs of Hong Kong by others.



## ASPECTS OF THE WINTER TRAGEDY IN SWITZERLAND AND AUSTRIA.



SHOWING HOW THE SOLID SCHOOL BUILDING HAD BEEN CARRIED FROM ITS FOUNDATIONS AND STRANDED 1600 FT. LOWER DOWN THE HILL: HEILIGENBLUT, AFTER THE DISASTER.



ILLUSTRATING THE HUGE MASSES OF SNOW AND DÉBRIS OF WHICH THE AVALANCHES WERE COMPOSED: THE ALMOST COMPLETELY BURIED CHAPEL AT EISTEN, IN THE LÖTSCHENTAL.



A TRAGIC PROCESSION IN VALS, WHERE NINETEEN PEOPLE WERE KILLED: YOUNG MOURNERS CARRYING WREATHS TO THE CHURCH WHERE THE VICTIMS LAY BEFORE BURIAL.



A CHILD WHO HAS SURVIVED A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE: THE RESCUE WORKER IS CARRYING A YOUNG VICTIM TO HOSPITAL, WHERE HE WILL BE CARED FOR.



THE CITY ELECTRICITY PLANT AT INNSBRUCK, AFTER THE AVALANCHE: RUBBLE, HUGE BOULDERS AND TIMBER WERE LEFT AFTER THE SNOW MELTED.



SHOWING HOW LONG STEEL RODS WERE USED TO PROBE FOR ENTOMBED BODIES: A SWISS ARMY RESCUE PARTY AT WORK IN ANDERMATT, SWITZERLAND. BRITISH VISITORS RENDERED ASSISTANCE IN MANY PLACES.

Methods by which rescue parties in Switzerland and Austria worked to uncover houses, animals and human victims of the avalanches which began on January 19 and continued for several days, included the use of steel rods to probe deep snow, and gain indications as to where to dig. Austria suffered even more severely than Switzerland, and on January 24 an unofficial computation of persons killed in that country since the start of the falls was 160. The power of the avalanches lifted



A SWISS MILITARY DETACHMENT TAKING PRECAUTIONS TO PREVENT FURTHER AVALANCHES: MORTARS ARE BEING FIRED AT LOOSE SNOW AT ANDERMATT.

buildings from their foundations and carried them down the mountain-sides. In Innsbruck, thirty-eight houses had to be evacuated on account of flood danger, caused by the blocking of streams. The electric power plant was damaged, and buildings were filled with stones and rubble. Heiligenblut, at the foot of the Gross Glockner, suffered severely, and was cut off for some days; and Vals, in Switzerland, where nineteen were killed, was struck without warning at night.





ANDERMATT, FIRST VILLAGE TO SUFFER THE ONSLAUGHT BY AVALANCHE ON JANUARY 19: RESCUE TEAMS ARE SEEN AT WORK, AND IN THE FOREGROUND THE REMAINS OF TWO RUINED HOUSES, ZUR MUHLE AND MUHLEBACH, MAY BE DISTINGUISHED. THIRTEEN PERSONS WERE REPORTED KILLED AT ANDERMATT.



RESCUE WORKERS SEARCHING IN THE RUINS OF THE VILLA MONOD, ZUOZ, GRISONS: IT WAS IN THIS CATASTROPHE THAT MISS JOYCE FISHER, THE ONLY BRITISH CASUALTY SO FAR REPORTED, LOST HER LIFE. HER BODY WAS RECOVERED FROM THE DÉBRIS OF THE HOUSE.

#### HAVOC BY AVALANCHE IN SWITZERLAND, AND RESCUE WORK IN TWO OF THE ENGULFED ALPINE VILLAGES.

By January 25 no new avalanches had been reported from Switzerland for two days, and rescue work became, in consequence, easier. The extent of the Alpine disaster, which began on January 19, is very great. In Switzerland alone the death-roll at the time of writing stands at 75, and a first estimate of the damage to property is put at £400,000. The cantons of Uri, Grisons, Glarus and Valais were the chief sufferers. Andermatt was the first village to

be struck, and thirteen people are reported to have been killed there. Rescue work was rapidly and efficiently organised and carried out with determination, under immense difficulty. The Swiss Army and Air Force assisted, the former, among other activities, using mortar fire to bring down loose masses of snow in order to avoid danger of further falls, and the latter dropping supplies to areas cut off. British visitors helped in the tragic work of digging out victims,





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### ANIMALS IN DECLINE:—3: STELLER'S SEA-COW.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE story of Steller's sea-cow has been told and retold so that now there would be no point in re-writing it. In truth, the story is a very short one and, lamentable though it may be, it is the conclusions we draw from it that matter most. In 1741, the Danish navigator Bering, and the German naturalist Steller were shipwrecked on an island off Kamchatka. The island became later known as Bering Island. There Steller found a previously unknown marine animal, later to become famous as Steller's sea-cow. A smaller colony was found around the neighbouring Copper Island. Fully grown the animal reached 24 ft. in length, and bore a close resemblance to the dugongs and manatees of tropical waters. The head was very small compared to the barrel-like body, which was dark brown, sometimes streaked or spotted with white. The forelimbs were flippers, covered with short, stiff hairs; the hind-limbs were missing, and the body was continued into a stout tail bearing at its extremity a pair of horizontal flukes. This animal differed, in fact, in no substantial respect from the tropical sea-cows, or Sirenia, that are believed to have given rise to the stories of mermaids. Quite a lot is known about its skeleton, of which a number are available for public inspection in the larger museums in various parts of the world. As to its internal anatomy, we are in fairly complete ignorance, and all we know of its habits is obtained from the mid-eighteenth-century writers, including Steller himself, for by 1768 it was extinct.

Soon after their discovery, the two islands were visited by Russian hunters and traders, who found in the sea-cow a welcome source of fresh meat. The animal was slow, inactive, inoffensive and without any means of defending itself. It was tied to the inshore waters, where it fed on the beds of 100-ft. long oarweed. In other words, it was a sitting target to an experienced hunter armed with an iron-shod pole. There was another characteristic that worked to its disadvantage: its affectionate attitude to its fellows when wounded or in distress. Not only did this almost willing lamb to the slaughter supply fresh meat, supplies were laid in for long voyages, and the island was frequently visited expressly for this purpose. As often happens in the hunting of wild animals, and especially of large marine animals, the wounded sometimes got away, or a carcass sank before it could be retrieved. So the slaughter was wasteful as well as merciless. A later writer described the extermination of Steller's sea-cow as being "simply due to man's greed," and this condemnation has been reiterated since.

Whaling and sealing are tough jobs. They were tougher in the eighteenth century than they are to-day, and we can hardly blame those visiting such inhospitable regions for looking after themselves, with no thought for the future zoologist. In any case, if we examine this matter objectively, it seems highly probable that Steller's sea-cow was already dwindling and, as a species, on the decline. To begin with, although first reports spoke of the animal being there in abundance, Stejneger, writing in 1887, after visiting Bering Island to collect skeletons and such evidence of its passing as he could obtain, admits that to put the total of the population at 1500 is probably to overestimate it. The population of Copper Island was probably smaller still. He also suggests that the numbers were not increasing, and that the number of births did not equal that of the deaths from natural causes. For one thing, there is a strong

liability to the formation of ice round the shores in severe winters, which would make some of the oarweed on which the animals fed inaccessible to them.



A LITTLE-KNOWN ANIMAL OF THE NORTH-WEST PACIFIC WHICH PROBABLY BECAME EXTINCT SEVENTEEN YEARS AFTER IT WAS FIRST DISCOVERED: STELLER'S SEA-COW, *HYDRODAMALIS GIGAS*.

The animal seems to have been in an unfavourable environment. Steller records: "In winter they often become smothered by the ice floating along the shore and are cast up on the beach dead, which also happens if they get crushed against the rocks by the waves breaking fiercely among the cliffs. In winter these animals become so emaciated that not only the ridge of the backbone but every rib shows."

Reproduced in Pallas' *Zoographia Rosso-Asiatica*, Vol. I., 1826, and probably from the original drawing by Plenisher.

Further, while it is usually accepted that the species was extinct by 1768, there is no proof of this. On the contrary, it is stated that when the numbers of the sea-cows became reduced, so that catching them was not so simple a matter as formerly, the hunters no longer called at the islands. Finally, on the authority of the Russian naturalist Dybowski, there is evidence that some may have survived until at least 1830.

It may be presumed that the waters around those two islands do not represent the only territory occupied by the species. In other words, it is not unreasonable to suppose that, during some period prior to 1741, the range and numbers of Steller's sea-cow had dwindled considerably. One can think of other comparable cases, where the ultimate extinction of a species had been averted only by the most stringent protective measures. If such measures are withheld, even though there be no active persecution by man, it is only a matter of time before the end comes.

The next thing to consider in this connection is that the living relatives of Steller's sea-cow are the dugongs of the Indian Ocean and Australian seas, and the manatees of West Africa and of the American coasts from Florida to the Amazon. The largest of these does not exceed 8 ft. Steller's sea-cow had relatively an enormous bulk to feed and was, by 1741, restricted to a small area of inhospitable coast, with the possibility of even more limited supplies of food under exceptional weather conditions. Whatever may have been the events that led up to these two colonies finding themselves occupying the inshore waters

of Bering and Copper Islands respectively, there seems to be little doubt that they were well off the beat typically inhabited by members of their class. Their very gigantism, too, looks suspicious, for gigantism in one form or another is all too often associated with decline, or even extinction, in a species or group.

If we are to blame the eighteenth-century hunters for the total extinction of Steller's sea-cow, then we must revile the greed of prehistoric man for the loss of the mammoth. The two cases form, to my mind, an exact parallel. What we must learn—and slowly we are learning it—is simply that a species can usually stand up to the ravages wrought by the hand of man, provided there is no sudden combination of adverse circumstances to complete the ruin.

There is another aspect, certainly more interesting scientifically, the appreciation of which is important to zoologist and non-zoologist alike. Species, like individuals, have their birth, their growth to full maturity, their decline and their ultimate death. This is also true of genera and families,

and, though less obviously, of the higher units in our classificatory schemes, the orders, classes and phyla. For the most part, the palaeontologist is aware of this more than those working in other branches of the natural sciences. He it is who, in studying the sequences of fossils in the rocks can plot the inception (or at least the first appearance) of a species, can see it becoming more abundant as he passes up through the newer rocks, and sees it begin to peter out. The story is not the same in each species, except in principle. The time taken varies enormously. Some species, whose fossil remains are to be found in the oldest fossil-bearing rocks, have taken a long time to reach full flush, and have, equally, taken a long time to die out. Others have taken a more meteoric course, quickly flourished and



THE HORNY MASTICATORY PLATE IN THE SEA-COW'S PALATE: A MELANCHOLY RELIC IN THE MUSEUM OF THE LENINGRAD ACADEMY OF SCIENCES—PROBABLY THE ONE SAVED BY STELLER AND THE ONLY ONE IN ANY MUSEUM. Steller dissected a sea-cow under great difficulties, but any anatomical specimens he may have prepared had to be left behind when the time came to leave Bering Island in the small boat (36 ft. long, 12-ft. beam) built from the timbers of the wrecked *St. Peter*. He managed to bring away, however, a pair of the horny palatal plates which served the sea-cow in place of teeth.

quickly died out—a short life and a gay one, so to speak. In any case, species do not go on for ever.

It is more than likely that Steller's sea-cow was nearing its end when Bering and Steller first saw it. It is even possible that, had such things been heard of in 1741, stringent measures for its protection would have failed to preserve it for the twentieth century. At least let us give the hard-living hunters of the eighteenth century the benefit of the doubt.

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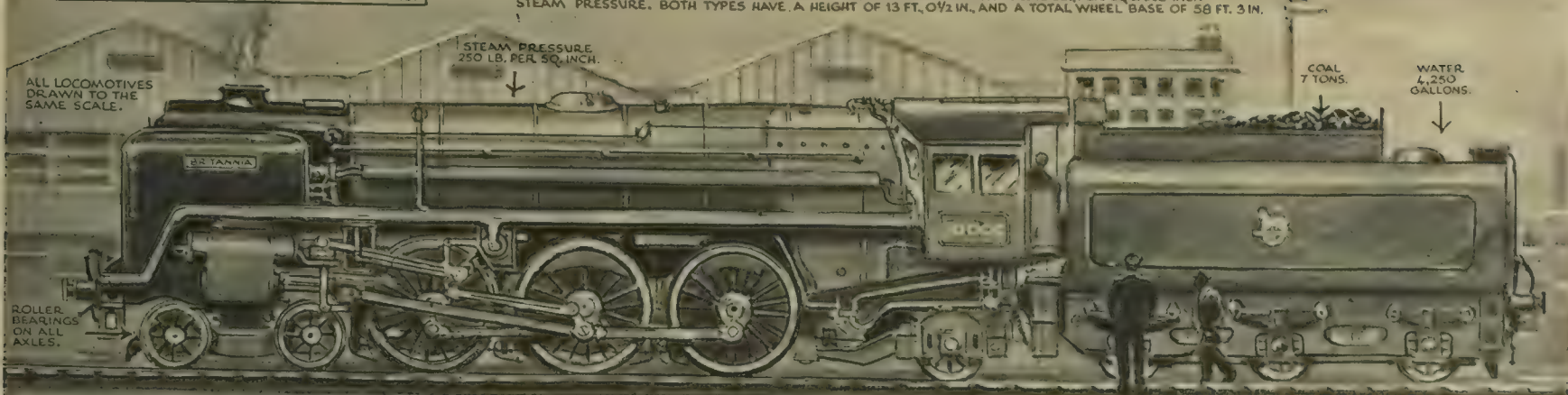
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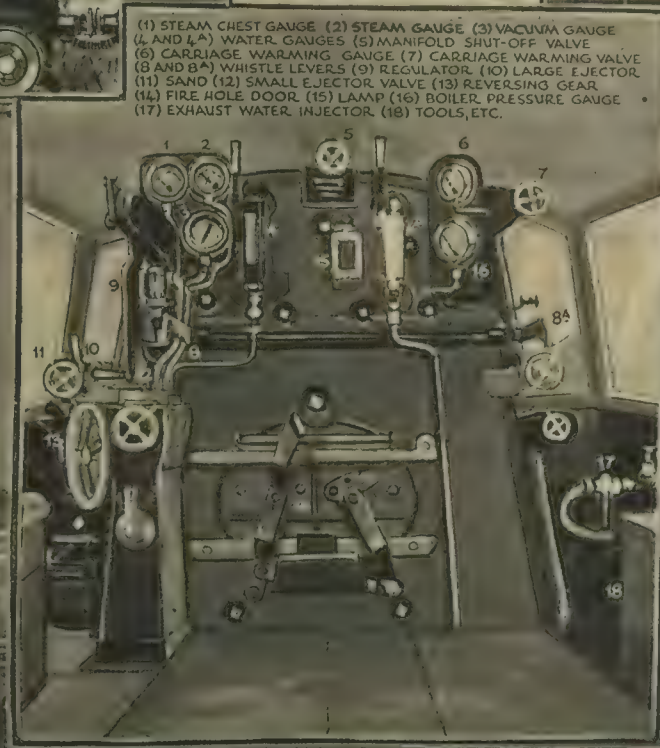
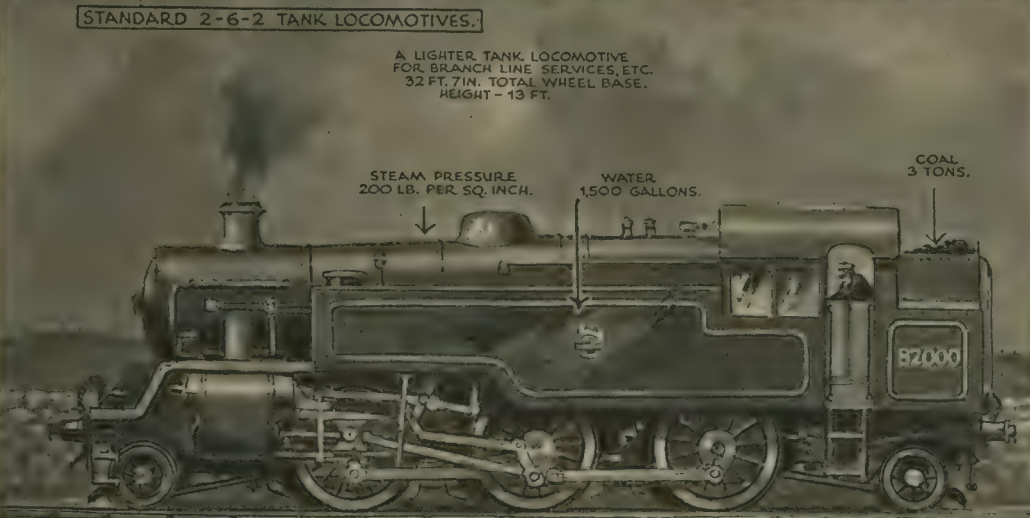
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TO BE SEEN THIS YEAR ON BRITAIN'S PERMANENT WAY: FOUR NEW TYPES OF STANDARD LOCOMOTIVES.

British Railways' first standard locomotive was due to be named *Britannia* at a ceremony held at Marylebone Station, London, on January 30. The new *Britannia* is one of 25 similar locomotives, suitable for either express passenger or fast goods trains, now under construction at Crewe. British Railways' designers have been working for two years on plans for the new locomotives, and the best practices of all Regions have been studied, with the object of embodying in the new engines maximum ease of access for servicing and repair; economy of coal consumption; and a high degree of interchangeability of parts. Each of the four mixed traffic types to be introduced this year will have a greater range of use for comparable traffics than the present types to which it bears relation. Thus the 4-6-2

locomotives (70000-70024) are designed to be capable of undertaking the duties and of working over all routes now used by such types as the *Castles*, West Country 4-6-2's, L.M.R. Class 6 4-6-0's, and so on. The other 4-6-2 locomotives (Nos. 72000-72009), having lighter axle loads, are designed to cover duties of such engines as the W.R. *County* and L.M.R. Class 5X, and the heavier duties now performed by the L.M.R. Class 5 and ex-L.N.E.R. B.1 classes. The two other tender classes to be introduced comprise a Mixed Traffic 4-6-0 (Nos. 73000-73009) and a lightweight 4-6-0 (Nos. 75000-75019), planned to replace numerous classes of 4-4-0's now becoming obsolescent. Finally, there are two classes of tank engine; a 2-6-4T (Nos. 80000-80053) and a 2-6-2T (Nos. 82000-82019).

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE RAILWAY EXECUTIVE (BRITISH RAILWAYS).



## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



"Petite Fraise du Bois," which children gather laboriously by the hour, and visitors at the Alpine hotels guzzle in as many minutes. Earlier still, as a child, I had gathered and eaten the tiny wild British strawberry, *Fragaria vesca*, a fascinating but not very rewarding occupation. But somewhere in the early twenties I started growing and experimenting with the cultivated varieties of the Alpine strawberry, and soon discovered what a very well-worth-while crop they are. I started with two French varieties, "Belle de Meaux" and "Bush Alpine Red," which I raised from seed obtained from the great firm of Vilmorin, of Paris. At first I had difficulty in getting the seeds to germinate, until Vilmorins suggested that I was probably covering the sown seed with too great a depth of soil. They were right. Another batch, covered with the merest apology for a dusting of soil, germinated at once and abundantly.

In size of berry and in flavour there was not much, if anything, to choose between "Belle de Meaux" and "Bush Alpine Red." But in habit they were quite distinct. "Belle de Meaux" made runners like any other strawberry, only more so. "Bush Alpine Red" was, as its name suggests, a bush variety. It made no runners. Instead, it formed itself into compact clumps, which could—and should—be lifted and divided every year or so. I grew these Alpine strawberries not only for home domestic use, but as a side-line, in the Six Hills Nursery which I was then running, and a very popular side-line they proved to be.

A third variety which I grew for a while was "Bush Alpine White." This was identical with "Bush Alpine Red," except that the berries were ivory-white, and were sweeter and far better flavoured. There was not the slightest doubt about this. It was not just a matter of imagination, or attempted salesmanship. The whites were far superior in flavour to the reds. But though I publicised the fact, nobody seemed to want white strawberries, so I dropped them. Missionary work in commercial horticulture can be too expensive a hobby. Eventually I dropped both these varieties in favour of their two opposite numbers, "Cresta" and "Baron Solemacher." Both had larger berries, and both had the true, rather aromatic Alpine flavour. "Cresta" was raised by a friend in Stevenage, and makes runners, whilst "Baron Solemacher" is a bush, or runnerless, variety. The larger berries in both are a great advantage when it comes to picking.

What, you may ask, is the advantage of growing strawberries with berries a quarter the size, or less than a quarter, of the normal big, luscious garden varieties, "Royal Sovereign," and the rest? The advantages are many, though I would not suggest growing the Alpines in lieu of the big fellows. The better way is to grow both, if there is room in the garden. If it must be a choice of one or the other, I would say that the Alpines would be the better bet, for with

### ALPINE STRAWBERRIES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

them one is 'dead certain of a crop every year, provided you supply their simple needs.

Not so with the big garden strawberries. The silly things flower just too early in the season to be safe from late frosts. After waiting for a year, from last season's crop of fruit until this year's blossoming, it's maddening to go out one morning and find every strawberry flower with a black, frosted centre, which means that for another whole year there can be no fruit. Not so with the Alpine strawberries. The first crop of blossom may be cut by a late frost. It matters

to 'live up to their slogan is moisture at the roots. During a summer drought the plants will take a holiday from fruiting, unless something is done about it, and the thing to do is to give them a good moisture-retaining mulch, and an occasional thorough watering from the can or the hose. Another advantage of the Alpine strawberries is that they carry their fruit aloft, on erect, wiry stems, and so need no strawing. The big garden varieties have the slovenly and unhygienic

habit of trailing their berries on the ground, where they are eaten by slugs and birds, and at the same time pick up grit and mud. As to the respective merits of "Cresta" and "Solemacher," some folk swear by one, and some by the other. Personally, I prefer the bush-habited "Solemacher." "Cresta" makes so many runners that, unless they are constantly removed, they overcrowd the bed, which entails lifting, sorting and replanting. On the other hand, "Baron Solemacher" soon forms stout clumps, and to ensure free and continuous fruiting, these clumps must be lifted, divided and replanted at least every other year.

The best way to grow "Solemacher" is as a single row, rather than in bed formation. A good plan is to plant them as edgings to the kitchen garden instead of box. Gathering Alpine strawberries is a far more profitable occupation than clipping box edgings. Before planting, one should dig in a good dressing of farmyard manure, compost, or spent hops to help the roots in the matter of moisture. When grown as a single row in this way, the fruit is far easier to get at and gather than when several rows are grown in a bed. Another advantage of Alpine strawberries is that birds seldom steal the berries. I dare not say never, for there is no knowing what birds will or will not do in a garden. In some gardens sparrows will tear crocuses to shreds, whilst in other gardens they just aren't interested. But I can truthfully say that, in all the years that I have grown them, I have never put nets over my Alpine strawberries, and I have never at any rate been aware of birds stealing the fruit. Village boys are another matter.

A ripe strawberry of the conventional large garden sort is a very different thing to a ripe Alpine strawberry. Not only is it big and luscious, juicy and excellent eating straight from the plant—if it is a well-flavoured variety—but it may be crushed and eaten with sugar and cream right away. A dead-ripe Alpine strawberry is also good to pick and eat straight from the plant, small though it is. But that is not the way to get the best out of it. The berries should be gathered, heavily sugared in a dish, and left standing overnight. Freshly gathered, the little berries are strangely light, and apparently dry in texture. Marinated as I suggest, they will be found, after several hours, to be almost

swimming in their own juice, and their delicious, rather aromatic pine flavour will have been brought out to an astonishing degree. They will be every bit as worthy of cream as their big garden counterparts. The best time to eat and judge them is when ordinary strawberries are over, so that there can be no odious comparisons.



PROBABLY THE BEST OF THE NAMED AND CULTIVATED VARIETIES OF ALPINE STRAWBERRY: A PLANT OF "BARON SOLEMACHER" PHOTOGRAPHED TO SHOW THE HABIT AND GENEROSITY OF THE PLANT, TOGETHER WITH THE HIGH CARRIAGE OF THE FRUITING SPRAYS. WHITE VARIETIES OF ALPINE STRAWBERRIES HAVE A SIMILAR HABIT AND FRUIT OF AN EVEN MORE DELICIOUS FLAVOUR.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

little. The plants will immediately set to work to produce an entirely fresh lot of flowers. Not only this, but if the plants are kept moist at the root they will continue flowering and fruiting almost without a break until autumn. In fact, the slogan which I put

in a bed. Another advantage of Alpine strawberries is that birds seldom steal the berries. I dare not say never, for there is no knowing what birds will or will not do in a garden. In some gardens sparrows will tear crocuses to shreds, whilst



THE ENGLISH WILD STRAWBERRY (LEFT) AND THE ALPINE STRAWBERRY COMPARED AND CONTRASTED IN PHOTOGRAPHS, SHOWING TYPICAL LEAVES, FLOWERS AND FRUIT OF BOTH TYPES.

Photographs by A. Harold Bastin.

out from Six Hills—"Strawberries from June till October"—had the merit of being perfectly true. The plants may fairly be called perpetual fruiting.

I remember one year in particular when we gathered over 60 lb. of first-class Alpine strawberries during the month of October. The variety was "Baron Solemacher." The whole secret of enabling the plants



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



ARRIVING AT WONJU AIR-STRIP: MAJOR-GENERAL C. L. RUFFNER (LEFT), NEW COMMANDER OF THE U.S. 2ND DIVISION. The small, burnt-out town of Wonju and its air-strip has been occupied and abandoned by patrols of each side in Korea with almost monotonous regularity. On one occasion recently the United Nations forces occupied it in the morning and withdrew at dusk. Our photograph shows the new commander of the U.S. 2nd Division, Major-General Ruffner, arriving at Wonju with Lieutenant-Colonel C. Barberis.



SEVENTY-ONE YEARS OLD ON JANUARY 26: GENERAL MACARTHUR (LEFT), COMMANDER OF THE U.N. FORCES IN THE FAR EAST, WITH LIEUT.-GENERAL RIDGWAY DURING A VISIT TO THE KOREAN FRONT.



WINNER OF THE COMBINED DOWNHILL AND SLALOM RACE IN THE LADIES' SKI CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS: MISS V. MACKINTOSH. Miss V. Mackintosh became British Ski Club women's Open champion and club champion at Zermatt on January 24 by winning both downhill and slalom events without conceding a point. Miss Mackintosh also won the downhill race for the Lady Denham Challenge Cup and the slalom event for the Lady Mabel Lunn Challenge Cup. Miss A. Fryor was runner-up in both events.



## GENERAL KRULS.

His resignation from the posts of Chief of the Netherlands General Staff and Chairman of the Chiefs of Staff Committee was announced on January 23. The Defence Minister is stated to have found too great a difference of opinion existing between his department and the Higher Army Command, on the organisation of the forces.



## GENERAL HASSELMAN.

Appointed on January 23 as C-in-C. the Netherlands Army in succession to Lieut.-General Kruls, who resigned. He was promoted from Colonel to Major-General and temporary Lieut.-General from February 1 and appointed Chief of Staff by Royal Decree of January 25. He was, until March, 1950, Military Attaché at Prague.



THE DEATH OF A GREAT FINNISH SOLDIER: FIELD MARSHAL MANNERHEIM (LEFT). Field Marshal Baron Mannerheim, a great Finnish patriot and soldier, died in hospital at Lausanne, Switzerland, on January 27, aged eighty-three. He played an outstanding part in the affairs of his country from the time of his leadership in the War of Independence against Russia of 1917-19 to his retirement from the Presidency in 1946. He was Finnish C-in-C. in the winter war against Russia of 1939-40, in which the Mannerheim Line of fortifications became famous.



## GENERAL JUIN.

Appointed on January 25 Inspector-General, French Armed Forces, a new post with responsibility for training and use of all branches, and right of inspection save in operational areas. He will preside at the Chiefs-of-Staff Committee and represent France on inter-Allied committees. He will be on Gen. Eisenhower's Command Staff.



## SIR JOHN M. TROUTBECK.

Appointed British Ambassador at Baghdad in succession to Sir Henry Mack. Educated at Westminster and Christ Church, he entered the Foreign Service in 1920 and has served in Turkey, Ethiopia, Brazil and Czechoslovakia. In 1947 he was appointed head of the British Middle East Office in Cairo, with the rank of Ambassador.



GREETED BY HIS 'POODLE RUFUS': MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AT VICTORIA STATION. LONDON, ON HIS RETURN FROM HIS HOLIDAY IN MOROCCO.

Mr. Churchill was greeted on January 23 by his poodle Rufus when he returned from his holiday in Marrakesh, and his week-end in Paris. Mrs. Beauchamp—Mr. Churchill's daughter Sarah—was also at the station to meet him. When Parliament reassembled, Mr. Churchill appealed to the Prime Minister to "bear in mind constantly the grave dangers which will fall upon us all should any serious divergence occur between our policy and that of the United States."



ALLEGED TO HAVE SMUGGLED DIAMONDS VALUED AT £200,000 IN HIS SHOES: LEISER WEITMAN (RIGHT) HIDING HIS FACE AS THE DIAMONDS ARE REMOVED.

Intense investigations have been made in Belgium and New York following the arrest of travellers said to be bringing diamonds into the U.S. in cavities in the heels of their shoes. The American Customs authorities believe they are on the trail of a big international diamond-smuggling network. A young Brooklyn man, Leiser Weitman, who arrived in New York by air from Brussels on January 21, was arraigned before a U.S. Commissioner on a charge of smuggling diamonds.





### AN OASIS OF GAIETY AND SPLENDOR AMID THE GENERAL WORLD GLOOM: A BALLET

Even the most heroic sometimes feel that a brief holiday from the difficulties of life is necessary to recharge them with courage and energy. Monte Carlo provides an ideal tonic retreat, for it offers glorious sunshine, beautiful surroundings and a wealth of social and sporting fixtures, and concerts, ballet and theatrical productions. The final stages of the Monte Carlo Motor Rally

have just been concluded. The "Round-the-Houses" car race circuit, by competitors who had driven 2000 miles to Monte Carlo from different starting-points, produced outstandingly daring driving. The honours of the Rally were divided between England and France. M. Jean Trevous, victor for the fourth time, won the big-car class for France, and British drivers occupied five out of

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



### PERFORMANCE IN THE LITTLE GOLDEN THEATRE OF THE CASINO AT MONTE CARLO.

the first ten places in the final general classification. Our Artist has depicted a performance of ballet in Le Théâtre de Casino de Monte Carlo (La Salle de l'Opéra). The little golden, ornate theatre designed by Garnier in 1878-79 has been associated with many important productions of opera, music and ballet. Diaghilev's Ballet Russe first saw the light at Monte Carlo in 1911,

ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRENEAU.

and was followed by René Blum's. After Blum's death Marcel Sablon formed a company, and finally the present Grand Ballet de Monte Carlo was brought to birth under the direction of the Marquis de Cuevas. This April Monte Carlo is to have a pre-view of some of the Festival of Britain ballets, for the Festival Ballet, headed by Markova and Dolin, has been engaged.





# The World of the Theatre.

## CASKETS AND PISTOLS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

SOME people, in other ways most reasonable, seem to nourish a hatred for "The Merchant of Venice." I know one learned Shakespearean who pales at any mention of the caskets, and who shows dangerous signs of rage if a friend quotes "the Quality of Mercy." And there is a sad passage in Norman Marshall's book, "The Other Theatre," which describes how the producer, Terence Gray—at the Festival Theatre, Cambridge—marked his antipathy by making the entire cast register boredom while Portia listlessly repeated the famous speech and the Duke toyed with a yo-yo.

The only reason I can suggest for this "lodged

you can go on, chuckling. You peer into that odd matter of the Lord of Belmont's will. You note that Shakespeare, always hurried with names, has chosen for "the young doctor of Rome, Balthasar" the name of Portia's own man. You start to skirmish with this line and that. No play has been riddled more thoroughly—and few reach the stage with a finer sweep if only you will surrender yourself and let the verse come to you.

Once more, listening to the last act at the Vic, I found it difficult to forgive Hazlitt for having called

Certain others are already excellent: those of June Brown, whose Jessica is responsive to the "lovely garnish" of the verse; Duncan Ross, a most grave and potent Duke; and, particularly, Charmian Eyre, a gay little Nerissa, good especially in the court scene. At the première, she was the first Nerissa I had known to indicate that she had not the remotest idea how to "draw a deed of gift." Here is a coming actress and one of the most fluent in the cast. A likeable actor in a quiet way is the Antonio, Peter Retej, though I would suggest to him that when, in court, Antonio has the passage about the "mountain pines," he need not separate this noticeably from the rest of the speech as a conscious poetical decoration. The company is still apt to listen too earnestly to the verse. But that, of course, is far better than to toss off the dialogue as if it were modern slip-slop. The Young Vic company (as Duncan Ross hoped in his charming first-night speech) is no disgrace to its parents.

It was happy to return to Venice and Belmont, and to come out, as of old, from the Belmont nocturne into Waterloo Road. As I crossed to Waterloo Station, I remembered what a loved critic, now dead, had said to me after another "Merchant" night: "You know, I'm always in agony that Bassanio might choose the wrong casket after all. And what would Portia do then, poor thing?" I am firmly of the opinion that someone—old Bellario, I dare say—would have found at once a clause in the will that would allow Bassanio to have a second chance. You can do anything with those caskets if you concentrate hard enough.

This was a week with familiar friends, though Hedda Tesman (Hedda Gabler that was) appears on the stage less frequently than Portia. Just as "casket" is the key-word for "The Merchant," so with "Hedda Gabler" I think of pistols and of Hedda's trying habit of practising pot-shots (she came of a military family) from her back-door. It is a fine acting play, even if its mere fable may be as awkward to swallow as that of "The Merchant." I admire the present Arts Theatre revival for several reasons, but especially because Jean Forbes-Robertson



"THOU SHALT HAVE NOTHING BUT THE FORFEITURE TO BE SO TAKEN AT THY PERIL, JEW": THE TRIAL SCENE IN THE YOUNG VIC COMPANY'S PRESENTATION OF "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

Mr. Trewin says that the Young Vic production of "The Merchant of Venice" is "fresh and lively, if necessarily immature." He says "it was agreeable to note how Powys Thomas attacked Shylock, and to see the grace with which Jill Showell (an actress of eighteen) bore herself as Portia." On January 29 the Young Vic were due to start a tour of the Netherlands with "The Merchant of Venice"; they will resume their English tour on February 12 and will be playing in Hereford, Kidderminster and Wolverhampton.

hate" is that the play has been a much-rubbed school piece. For my own part, I find it a joy still—always with the exception of that dolorous wag, Launcelot Gobbo—and few things annoy me more in the theatre than to see a producer playing fast-and-loose with "The Merchant" on the ground that it needs enlivening. True, I yielded once to Komisarjevsky's extravagances at Stratford nearly twenty years ago; but we all did on that now legendary evening. When the production was repeated in the following year, many of us were anxious for a quick return to orthodoxy. I must have heard the play on nearly fifty occasions; but I have not yet lost the excitement of the moment when Shylock leaps towards Antonio's breast and Portia cries: "Tarry a little; there is something else."

I noticed the intense stillness the other night when the Young Vic company was acting the scene at a revival in the parent theatre in Waterloo Road. At present the company is touring in Holland before resuming its provincial round in England. Dutch Shakespeareans—who know the Young Vic well—should get again a favourable idea of the eagerness and clarity of our younger classical actors, even if it is not a "Merchant" to stay permanently in the mind.

What I liked about it particularly was Glen Byam Shaw's refusal to brighten the piece by producer's fun. I disagreed with his treatment of Morocco, who should not be played so broadly, and I was sorry that Shylock was not allowed a grandly theatrical exit from the court: here it was frankly a botched, scrambling business. This aside, the action was allowed to flow smoothly and the play had indeed the atmosphere of the "fairy tale" insisted upon by Harley Granville-Barker.

That is the clue to the piece. If we accept "The Merchant" as purely a once-upon-a-time romantic invention, with all the allowances one must make for romantic invention, then all's well. It is of no imaginable use to inquire—though I find myself doing so at revival after revival—why the Duke sits mum and allows the "young doctor" to conduct the business of the court; or how exactly Portia gets news of the safe arrival of Antonio's argosies. "You shall not know by what strange accident I chanced on this letter." It is superbly arrogant. Once begin to ask questions in "The Merchant," and

the moonlight dialogue between Jessica and Lorenzo "a collection of classical elegancies." Hazlitt, too, said pompously: "Portia is not a very great favourite with us; neither are we in love with her maid, Nerissa." If he had known some modern performances he might have changed his mind.

The main pleasures of the Young Vic revival were its simple production and the intelligent approach to the dialogue. Holland will find that nothing is slurred and that the cast knows how to enunciate. For my taste, the articulation is too self-consciously accurate. Several of these players have yet to learn the art that conceals art. Even so, it was agreeable to note how Powys Thomas attacked Shylock and to see the grace with which Jill Showell (an actress of eighteen) bore herself as Portia. These performances will ripen with experience.



AN ARTS THEATRE REVIVAL WHICH OUR CRITIC ADMIRES "FOR SEVERAL REASONS": "HEDDA GABLER," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY BY HENRIK IBSEN, WITH (L. TO R.) JUDGE BRACK (CAMPBELL SINGER), EILERT LOVBORG (ROBERT RIETTY), GEORGE TESMAN (ERIC BERRY), AND HEDDA TESMAN (JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON).

Mr. Trewin, in his article on this page, says that he especially admires the present Arts Theatre production of "Hedda Gabler" for the way in which Jean Forbes-Robertson, back in the West End after a long interval, "never allows the woman to become a brooding messenger of doom... she gives a swift-thinking, beautifully-judged study of Hedda."

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "FROU-FROU" (New Lindsey).—The old French show-piece (by Meilhac and Halévy) restored by Jeanne de Casalis but acted and produced without special quality. (January 8.)
- "CELESTINA" (Embassy).—Ashley Dukes has written this romantic fable of late-eighteenth-century Spain, and the "house at the town's end," with the style, the watch upon rhythm and phrasing, that mark him out among modern dramatists. It was acted with fitting care by Mary Ellis, Alan Wheatley, Maxine Audley and their colleagues. (January 9.)
- "LIFE SENTENCE" (Gateway).—A simply-schemed and intelligently-written domestic play (by Molly Veness) in which Priscilla D'Arcy showed much promise as an ingénue. (January 9.)
- "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" (Old Vic).—A fresh and lively, if necessarily immature, revival by the company of the Young Vic, now on tour in Holland. Glen Byam Shaw's production. (January 15.)
- "HEDDA GABLER" (Arts Theatre Club).—Jean Forbes-Robertson, welcomed back to the West End after a long interval, gives a swift-thinking, beautifully-judged study of Hedda, a part often overweighted. (January 17.)
- "THE BOLEYN" (Watergate).—Antony Kearney's unforced Henry the Eighth and Gillian Maude's Anne lift a moderate chronicle play by Laura Wildg. (January 18.)

never allows the woman to become a brooding messenger of doom. She is a quick-minded Hedda, with a tongue that sparks malice. We find ourselves laughing at her cunning intonations and then glancing sideways as if we had been caught brawling in church. There is no reason to deny Hedda her gift for malicious irony. It is a part of her character. Jean Forbes-Robertson makes subtle use of it, and she also carries off the drama strongly, with the single exception of the burning of the book, which I found strained. The pistols are another matter. She uses them as if they are old friends—as, indeed, that trio of caskets must have been to a very different woman from Hedda Tesman: Portia, golden lady of Belmont.



## NEWS FROM BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES; AND THE VERDI ANNIVERSARY.



BEING TOWED TO SEA TO BE SUNK BY A SECRET WEAPON: THE U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *INDEPENDENCE* ON HER LAST VOYAGE.

Our photograph shows the U.S. aircraft-carrier *Independence* passing under Golden Gate Bridge, San Francisco, on January 25 on her last voyage. She was being towed to sea to be sunk by a secret weapon. *Independence* was badly damaged in the 1946 Bikini atom bomb tests.

THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN PLEASURE GARDENS AS THEY WILL EVENTUALLY BE: AN 8-FT.-LONG SCALE MODEL JUST COMPLETED FOR THE FESTIVAL OFFICES.

The Festival of Britain Pleasure Gardens in Battersea Park are due to remain open from May 3 till November 3. Although much work has still to be done on the gardens themselves, their final aspect can be studied on a scale model recently completed for the Festival Offices. The gardens occupy 37 acres of the Park. The western end is to contain pavilions, flower gardens, lakes and fountains; the river area is the site for a cafeteria restaurant and riverside theatre (background), and the amusement park is situated on the south-east angle. Its attractions include the Big Dipper (right) and an Emmet railway running for nearly 500 yards.



DESIGNED SPECIFICALLY FOR HIGH ALTITUDE INTERCEPTION: THE NEW U.S. CARRIER-BASED JET FIGHTER, THE XF-4-D, WHICH HAS JUST PASSED ITS INITIAL FLIGHT TESTS.

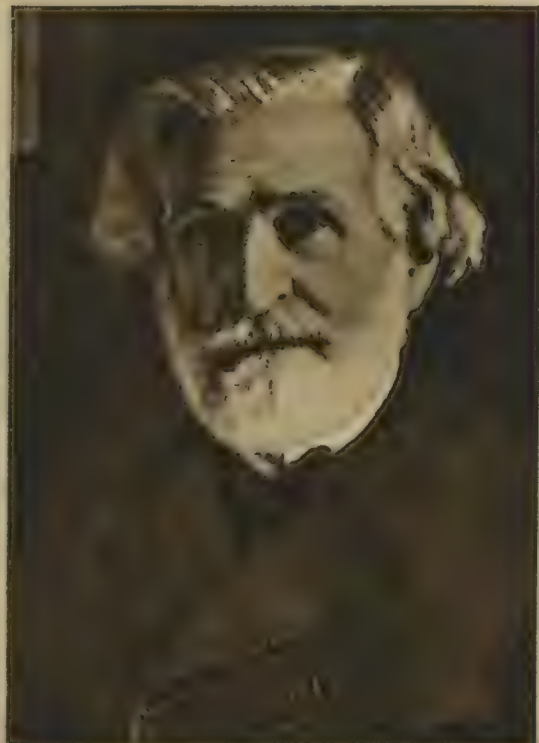
A new U.S. carrier-based jet fighter, the XF-4-D, which is actually a triangular-shaped platform wing with a slim nose extending forward to provide a cockpit for the pilot, has just passed its initial flight tests successfully. Performance data has not yet been disclosed.



(LEFT.) SHOWING THE MONUMENT TO GIUSEPPE VERDI (1813-1901) WHICH STANDS BEFORE IT: THE MODEST HOUSE AT LA RONCOLE, PARMA, WHERE THE GREAT COMPOSER WAS BORN.

Giuseppe Verdi, composer of "Falstaff," "Otello," "Aida," "Don Carlos," "Macbeth," "The Requiem" and other great works was born on October 10, 1813, at La Roncole, where his father kept a store. He died on Jan. 27, 1901, and the celebration of this fiftieth anniversary opened in Milan on Jan. 28 by a Mass in the Cathedral attended by President Einaudi, who later visited Verdi's tomb. In the evening Sabata conducted Verdi's "Requiem" at La Scala and President Einaudi opened an exhibition of his MSS. In this country the B.B.C. broadcast a commemorative concert of his work.

(RIGHT.) GIUSEPPE VERDI, THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE COMPOSER, WHOSE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAS CELEBRATED IN ITALY ON JANUARY 28 AND IN ENGLAND BY THE B.B.C.







THERE are many who find Dr. Johnson the most exasperating, cantankerous and disappointing of all great literary figures—and are then put to shame by some well-turned, shrewd and felicitous phrase which proves him a man of exquisite understanding. Dr. Richard Mead, eminent physician and yet more eminent connoisseur, kept open house in splendid style for men of ability—among others, the young Watteau on his visit to England—and of him Johnson declared: "Dr. Mead lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any man." To this kindly and influential person came young Mr. Allan Ramsay, son of Allan Ramsay, senior, ex-wig-maker, bookseller and poet of Edinburgh, who had shocked the local conscience by "lending out for an easy price all the villainous, profane and obscene books and plays, as printed in London." Young Ramsay, together with his friend Dr. Alexander Cunyngham, journeyed to Rome in 1736, where they stayed five months, and Cunyngham records that his expenses during that period, which included music-masters and the acquisition of certain prints and pictures for £30, did not exceed £100. Halcyon days indeed!—to be young, intelligent and able to "do" Rome without stinting themselves for five happy months. On their return, Ramsay, junior, thanks largely to Dr. Mead's introductions, set up as a portrait-painter in London.

The Scots rallied round—the Argylls, the Haddingtons, the Breadalbanes among others—and English families were evidently not slow in recognising that here was a young man of unusual ability. When he was twenty-five, Hogarth was forty-one, but a lone wolf who did not suffer fools gladly—such a temperament is not of the sort to make an outstanding success as a fashionable portrait-painter; moreover, Hogarth did not conceal his contempt for foreign art—he was a prickly genius who did not know how to finesse.



THE SUBJECT OF THE ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE: ALLAN RAMSAY (1713-1784), A SELF-PORTRAIT MADE AT ISCHIA IN 1776.

This "beautiful drawing made at Ischia in 1776," writes Frank Davis in his article on Allan Ramsay, "is not a bad introduction to both his character and his art." Ramsay was the son of Allan Ramsay, the Scottish poet and author of "The Gentle Shepherd." He enjoyed great success in London as a portrait-painter, and was, in 1767, appointed Painter-in-Ordinary to King George III.

Reproduced by courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery.

Ramsay's main rivals at that time were Joseph Highmore and Thomas Hudson, Reynolds' first master. The infant eyes of Gainsborough down in Suffolk were no doubt bright enough, but he was only eleven years of age, and young Reynolds was spending his fifteenth birthday in Devon. Jonathan Richardson was eighty when he died in 1745. On the whole, it was an auspicious moment for a bright young man

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A NOTABLE SCOT: ALLAN RAMSAY (1713-1784).

By FRANK DAVIS.

who was travelled and cultured and able to hold his own in a wide range of conversation. For example, in 1740 he sent to the Royal Society a translation of two letters from a friend at Rome describing "various curiosities found in a subterranean town lately discovered near Naples." These were published in the "Transactions" and are, in fact, one of the earliest published accounts of the discovery of Herculaneum.

These archaeological interests remained with him throughout his life, combined with a scholarly enthusiasm for the Classics—much later he made an expedition in search of Horace's Sabine farm, and wrote an essay on his "observations upon the ground compared to the passages that relate to it in the Poet." With the accession of George III. Ramsay became more prosperous than ever. It is said that he was already worth about £40,000, and Lord Bute, who became Prime Minister in 1762, advised the King to appoint him First Painter, and so began those admirably decorative series of royal portraits and their numerous replicas, for the King liked nothing better than to present to those he delighted to honour portraits of himself and his Queen, nearly always full-length and life-size at—so it is said—200 guineas the pair. That meant numerous assistants and as prosperous a picture-factory as that organised by Rubens in Antwerp more than a century earlier.

All this caused jealousy—would have done so in any case—but that jealousy was made more bitter by the unpopularity of Lord Bute and the prevailing prejudice against all who came from Scotland. Nationalist prejudice makes a poor background for the intelligent discussion of art or, indeed, of anything else. As time went on, Ramsay painted less and less, and left more and more to his assistants—painting had

ceased to be his main interest. Here is Johnson's vivid little comment upon him, as recorded by Boswell: "I love Ramsay. You will not find a man in whose conversation there is more instruction, more information and more elegance than in Ramsay's." These are warm and generous words—they tell us a lot about the man, but nothing about his work. Perhaps his own self-portrait—a beautiful drawing made at Ischia in 1776—is not a bad introduction to both his character and his art. As to the latter, I dare say in the past the Scots have overpraised and the English (taking off respectful hats to Reynolds and Gainsborough) have mumbled agreeable

condescensions. Perhaps—particularly in his later portraits—he is not very original, but neither is he at all English, and the impression I had when I was last in the Edinburgh Gallery, is that he was more French than Scot; and that's nothing to be ashamed of. Now, if you are like me, you will not be unfamiliar with the Allan Ramsays of the reign of George III. and of a few years before—say, from 1755 onwards, by which year

he had found himself. But what sort of picture was he painting when he first settled in London? I had never troubled to ask, and then I found myself looking at a big full-length, obviously not by any of the rather dull practitioners of that time. There are the normal and expected stage-properties—the balustrade, the vase, the tree, the curtain—all designed to add height and dignity to the figure, and the age-old tricks of



"MRS. CUNYNGHAM": BY ALLAN RAMSAY. AN EARLY PORTRAIT (c. 1740), PAINTED WITH GREAT SENSIBILITY.

"... I enjoyed seeing so sensitive a piece of painting from so early a period in a most interesting and distinguished career," writes Frank Davis of this Allan Ramsay portrait of Mrs. Cunyngham, "for one presumes that round about 1740 he was not yet in a position to employ assistants for drapery and accessories... it is surely all from his hand."

Reproduced by courtesy of P. and D. Colnaghi.

the tactful portrait-painter—the long waist, the elongated legs to provide a queenly dignity, the elegant gesture of the right arm, with the fingers so consciously bent, the pretty left forearm holding up the dress, the grey silk, the pearls—oh! Van Dyck had not lived and died in vain a century earlier!—and above all, that long, rather plain face—not, not at all a pretty woman, but what a nice sort of woman!

First impressions are notoriously deceptive, but I could not get out of my head the idea that in this picture, for all the formality of style, Ramsay was painting not just a client who wanted a portrait, but a woman he knew—and when I learnt that the lady was Mrs. Cunyngham, I was tempted to identify her as the wife of young Dr. Cunyngham, with whom he had recently shared his Italian holiday and who remained his lifelong friend. But while that is a possibility, it is by no means proved. Anyway, I enjoyed seeing so sensitive a piece of painting from so early a period in a most interesting and distinguished career, for one presumes that round about 1740 he was not yet in a position to employ assistants for drapery and accessories. This grey silk dress is painted with full appreciation of the weight, sheen and reflected light of the material—it is surely all from his hand.



## BOOKS THAT BELONGED TO HENRY VIII. AND OTHER KINGS AND QUEENS.



A MASTERPIECE OF SIXTEENTH-CENTURY BINDING: A DEMOSTHENES SPECIALLY BOUND IN TOOLED CALF FOR MARCUS FUGGER, BEARING HIS ARMS AND SIGNATURE. (FOLIO)



AN MS. "HISTOIRE ROMAINE" SPECIALLY BOUND FOR DIANE DE POITIERS (MISTRESS OF HENRI II.), AND BEARING HER MONOGRAM AND EMBLEM. (SMALL FOLIO, C. 1530.)



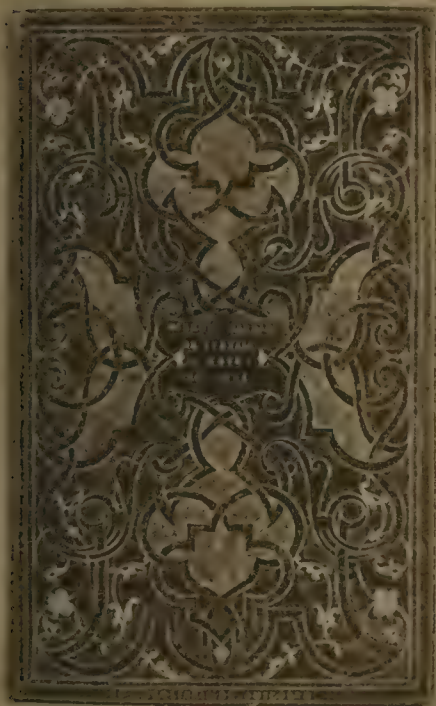
AN ELABORATE AND UNUSUAL ROYAL BINDING, MADE FOR HENRI IV. OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE AND BEARING HIS ARMS. ONCE IN HORACE WALPOLE'S LIBRARY. (FOLIO, 1594.)



THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE FIRST DATED BIBLE (IN LATIN), PRINTED ON VELLUM: A MASTERPIECE OF EARLY TYPOGRAPHY, BEARING THE DEVICE OF FUST AND SCHOEFFER OF MAINZ. (FOLIO, IN MODERN BINDING 1462.)



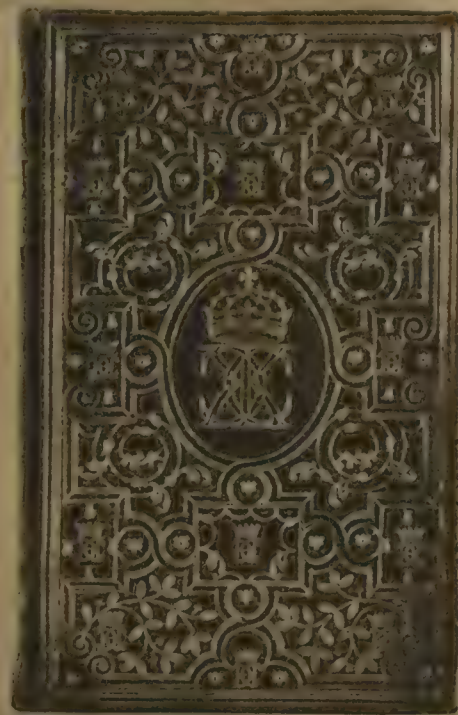
BEARING AN INSCRIPTION AND SIGNATURE OF HENRY VIII. UNDER THE MINIATURE OF THE ANNUNCIATION: A PRINTED BOOK OF HOURS (SARUM USE): A UNIQUE ROYAL BOOK. (ROYAL 8VO, PARIS, C. 1512.)



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A SUPERB EXAMPLE IN THE MANNER OF CLOVIS EVE, BEARING CIPHERS OF HENRI II. AND CATHERINE DE MEDICIS AND CHARLES IX. (SMALL 8VO, LYONS, 1569.)

On March 5, 6 and 7 a selection of precious books from the library of the late Mr. Lucius Wilmerding is to be sold in New York at the Parke-Benet Galleries. So remarkable is this selection, described as "the choicest portion of the choicest part" of one of the most famous private libraries in the world, that it is being exhibited in Europe, at Geneva, Paris and London before the sale in New York—an event unique in the history of the antiquarian book trade. The London

exhibition, which opened at the galleries of Messrs. William H. Robinson, Ltd., 16, Pall Mall, S.W.1, on January 25, was to continue open until and including January 30. Mr. Lucius Wilmerding, who was a New York stockbroker and a very distinguished connoisseur, died in 1949. He was a collector of unusual discrimination and the examples shown on this page give some idea of the importance of the collection, whose treasures are now coming under the hammer.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THIS week the novels, one and all, have a concern with social issues, and the world-outlook: although in each case the society is different, for they range wide. Let us begin at home, with "A Man's Life," by J. H. B. Peel (Arthur Barker; 12s. 6d.). And let me first confess it is the kind of book that makes me feel with Scott's Antiquary, who "seldom agreed with any person in the immediate proposition which was laid down." It is a very blimpish work, an exaltation of the old English gentleman—not only through the hero, who is one of them, but less attractively, out of his own mouth. The Sibthorpes, we are told, have owned their Chiltern manor unbrokenly since the Confessor's time; and that, to Adam Sibthorpe, is the main fact of history. Adam has been born into evil days; his pride of birth is mocked, his lordship threatened, and his past not revered. But all these contrarieties are a small price for the unshakable conviction that he is the salt of the earth: and that his "envious successors" are "the world's flunkeys."

Perhaps you see what I mean. It is a long book, also; and without being dull, is rather on the flat side. Adam has one big moment in his life. Though reared at Sibthorpe, he is not the first-born; his worthless cousin gets into a mess and flees the country, and the Manor is put up for sale. Adam has not the purchase-money, but secures it in the nick of time—by something very like blackmail. This may not seem a gentlemanly act at first glance, but probably his storied ancestors would have done the same. Thereafter, and for evermore, he falls back on virtue: toils like a slave, redeems his heritage, looks after his dependants, and bequeaths his outlook to the children of a late marriage. With all this, Adam is no bumpkin-squire. He is a "great reader," in fact a student and philosopher; and he has ceased to believe in God. But not one momentary doubt of Sibthorpe is included in the long record.

Yet it would be agreeable, if it could stop defying one to contradict. Power is too much to claim for it: especially if one looks back on "Through the Valley," which had a kindred theme, although the setting was a Great House. But this, the jacket tells us, is a young man's book. As art, its leading feature is the "village chorus"—straight out of Hardy, but employed with verve, and not quite in the same way. For Hardy used his villagers as chorus to the drama of fate, while Mr. Peel's are bearing humble and oblique testimony to the rightness of all things Sibthorpe.

There is no doubt that Adam would have revelled in "The Consul at Sunset," by Gerald Hanley (Collins; 9s. 6d.); for it has matter to confirm his every prejudice, although the other side gets fair play. Again, the hero is a thorough blimp—but now a blimp in action, an administrator of the old stamp. He thinks that natives should be ruled, and English gentlemen were born to do it. "It's not," he says on page 1, "it's not that there is anything wrong with Turnbull. It's just—how can I describe it?—well, he's not quite one of us, if you know what I mean. . . . It takes gentlemen to deal with savages, or natives anywhere for that matter." But now the "Bugginses" are in command; the Empire is cracking up. "We are becoming afraid to rule, and when that happens the natives can smell it, as a horse smells a man's fear. And what does the horse do? He chucks you off. He kicks you and goes his own way."

Which to the Colonel is a bitter thing. But Captain Sole, his junior, longs to be chucked off. He has goodwill, intelligence, but no conviction; and he has the world on his mind. The more it bothers him, the less he knows how to act, and as for setting up to rule the natives, it is sheer presumption. Those are his views; meanwhile, his duty is to keep the peace at El Ashang, a brand-new little patch of empire, just torn from Italy. It is a dim assignment, in the middle of a world war; but it is all the stiffer as a test of faith. Two rival and ferocious tribes at each other's throats; Sole's predecessor had been worse than useless, and is now murdered, and Captain Turnbull, who commands the troops, has had to look on passively. Just as the Colonel thought, he is a little shaken, by a crisis rather too big for him. When Sole forbids him to use force against a mob of rioters, it is the last straw. Sole has no positive ideas whatever; and the Colonel has to take charge.

This is the gripping novel of the week. The desert scene, the wider background of ideas, and the immediate problem—all are first-rate. Nor can the situation be resolved in theory. Sole is perhaps the better man; he has the guilty and enlightened conscience—but he doesn't know what to do. Not in a given case, in circumstances as they are. And life contains nothing else.

"The World is a Bridge," by Christine Weston (Collins; 9s. 6d.), is laid in India at sunset. That is, the sunset of the Colonel, but the dawn of freedom. The Nawab Hamidullah and his wife, and countless more, have toiled for this day of days; now they have lived to see it—and the sky is red. The old alliances are breaking down. Friends of a lifetime have become estranged, and turned into hating enemies. The hour of triumph will be drenched in blood, and there is no counter-spell.

The theme is worked out in the persons of three young men: Firoze, the Hamidullahs' only son; Anand, the Hindu painter; and a young Raja. Anand is the pathetic figure of the three, for he is double-souled. He wants to rise, and to reject the past—and yet its dark enchantments have a great power on him. This is their opportunity, and he is doomed. The Raja is a spoilt child and a pampered animal, and he will just run away. But Firoze takes after his parents: he will hold out. The tale has beauty and insight, and it should have more space. And yet I found it rather disappointing; it has not enough edge.

Now, very briefly, for the negro problem. "Reprisal," by Arthur Gordon (Hamish Hamilton; 9s. 6d.), might be called "The Revenger's Tragedy." Four negroes have been killed in Hainesville, with complete impunity. The murderers have beaten up a Federal witness, and have still got away with it. But in so doing, they have revealed their guilt. One of the butchered women had a husband, and he takes the law into his own hands. This is a near-thriller. But it is an admirable thriller, and a good story: vital, intelligent fair-minded and extremely well told.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE struggle between tradition and innovation is as incessant in chess as elsewhere. In the most traditional of all Boat Races, a certain application of modern scientific principles in the shaping of the hull has been allowed, I believe. The equally hallowed Marylebone Cricket Club managed to work out about sixteen different ways of settling the County Championship in twenty years, enlarged the stumps, amended the over from six balls to eight and back again, and (with the somewhat incongruous co-operation of the Home Secretary) outlawed a particular type of bowling because Australian batsmen didn't like it.

Following the boxing maxim: "The bigger he is, the harder he falls," iconoclasts innumerable have delighted to assault chess, the game of all games sanctified by the centuries, and, by suggestions sometimes wild, sometimes quite scatterbrained, but very seldom of any use, attempted to win a little fame in the history of its development.

The best ideas of the past have, of course, been absorbed. A couple of friends of mine recently gave a genuine trial to the chess of centuries ago, moving pawns one square only, restricting the queen's move likewise to one square only in any direction, etc. They found it intolerably slow. To some iconoclasts of the past, we owe much to-day.

Of recent suggestions, Capablanca's received far the most publicity: that the board be increased by two squares all round; i.e., from sixty-four squares to 100; and that two new pieces be introduced on each side. His ostensible motive was that "the game had become too easy." His defeat by Alekhine shook the supporters of his New Chess profoundly.

F. V. Morley, in his book "My One Contribution to Chess," proposed extending by sixteen squares—eight each side—the part of the board empty at the start of the game. On this idea as a pendant, he dangled some of the most inconsequentially delightful drivel I have read for some time.

One strong offshoot of chess, the four-handed game, has never progressed in favour much since its introduction about 1830, but never showed the least inclination to die out. Four sets of chessmen, coloured respectively black, white, yellow and red, become involved in a wild mêlée on an enlarged board. The four contestants, partnering in pairs as at whist or bridge, sit round like generals attempting to control the course of a campaign with troops somewhat unamenable to discipline. I have only once played four-handed chess; as we started about 1 a.m. and ended about 5 a.m., and the occasion was a farewell party to me in the Faroe Islands, the wildness of the mêlée may perhaps be exaggerated in my recollection.

As soon as sea-warfare came to our general attention, somebody hit on the idea of "mining" certain squares of the board beforehand, unbeknown to your opponent. When he plays a piece on to one of these squares, you say "bang!" and remove it. As a refinement of tension, you may let one of his pawns visit—and survive its visit to—that square, thus deluding him into thinking it is safe. Then, when his queen goes there—"Bang!" To his protests, you complacently reply that the pawn was of too-shallow draft to set off the mine, or it was a wooden vessel and the mine was a magnetic one.

King Abdullah of Jordan is said to have invented an atomic-bomb piece which in given circumstances can destroy the whole opposing army at a go. Whilst I salute him for his topicality, I cannot but deplore—especially from a son of the patient East—this sully of chess with a sudden death as bad as a double bezique.

Some leading London players are experimenting, in their more *fin de demi-siècle* mood, with a distortion of chess which can call for deep cogitation and produce excellent games. White makes one move, Black answers by making two, then White makes three, and so on. Check may be given only on the last move of such a series. After a few turns, a player's composite move may consist of a pawn's starting on its initial square and wending its way through to queen and the new queen's wiping off several enemy pieces before the quota of moves is exhausted. The most extraordinary thing about this game, to my mind, apart from the excellent contests it can provide, is that even masters, tackling the problem quite seriously, have not been able to make up their minds whether it is an advantage to have the first move or not.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## 1851 AND ALL THAT.

FOR those of us who were his contemporaries and friends, the death of Christopher Hobhouse in the early days of the war was a particularly heavy blow. He had, as Mr. Osbert Lancaster, in his Foreword to "1851 and the Crystal Palace" (John Murray; 12s. 6d.), says, a quality which "he shared with the public of 1851—gusto." This book was written before the war, and is now produced again for our delight in the year of the Festival of Britain. I am afraid I do not share Christopher Hobhouse's enthusiasm (or that of Osbert Lancaster) for Victorian art and architecture. Being

incurably Augustan and Georgian in my sympathies, I cannot but regard the "stuffed-birds-and-gas-bracket" revival as a fad and a reaction against a reaction. And while I think it is wholly right that the great Victorians should be dusted down and restored to the pedestals from which they were so rudely tumbled by Mr. Lytton Strachey and the elegant twentieth-century sceptics, not even Mr. Lancaster, not even loyalty to an old friendship, can make me really enthusiastic for the architecture of the Crystal Palace. However, Christopher Hobhouse succeeded in recapturing the spirit of a remarkable age. The inception of the scheme, the untiring enthusiasm of the Prince Consort, the remarkable journey in which the two great engineers, Stephenson and Paxton, thought out what must have seemed to our great-grandparents a miracle of revolutionary design, even the *naïveté* of the enchanted Queen ("One felt—as so many did whom I have since spoken to—filled with devotion—more so than by any service I have ever heard. . . . God bless my dearest Albert, God bless my dearest country, which has shown itself so great to-day!"), was of a piece with the time. The book is copiously and delightfully illustrated—largely with contemporary drawings from *The Illustrated London News*—and I shall be surprised if it does not give other readers the same pleasure which it has given me. Incidentally, it contains the story which Philip Guedalla puts into "The Duke" of the appalling consequence of enclosing the elms in the building—and their population of sparrows. Once enclosed they could not be got rid of, and exhibitors and exhibits alike suffered. "The Queen knew there was only one thing to be done; she sent for the Duke of Wellington. He had saved the State in darker hours than this; none of the many problems of his long career had ever baffled the Duke. And was he not Ranger of Hyde Park; had he not been an almost daily visitor to the building? The Duke attended; very nearly stone-deaf he heard from the Queen's lips of the awful problem. 'Try sparrow-hawks, Ma'am,' he said."

If the Great Exhibition was "typically Victorian," Coventry Patmore was essentially a Victorian poet. Perhaps that is why his poetry has lately been neglected, along with that of the other great Victorian giants. And yet he was, as his great-grandson, Mr. Derek Patmore, says in a sensitive and perceptive foreword to "The Rod, the Root and the Flower" (The Grey Walls Press; 10s. 6d.), outside the current of his period. He was a mystic in an age of earthy common sense, a Catholic in a period of intolerant Protestantism. In the last year of his life he wrote the essays and aphorisms which make up this book, which has as its underlying theme the transfiguring power of Love, both human and divine. His mysticism bears, it seems to me, the strong imprint of such passionate mystics as St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa of Avila. It is nearly always of a moving beauty. It is only occasionally incomprehensible. Mr. Herbert Read, I think, said the last word on "The Rod, the Root and the Flower" when he wrote, deploring the loss of the "Sponsa Dei" (which Coventry Patmore burnt at the behest of his Jesuit friend and fellow-poet, Gerard Manly Hopkins), that it was "an English work which it is not wholly ridiculous to compare with Pascal's 'Pensées.'" Mr. Derek Patmore is to be congratulated in bringing forward this most interesting work once more.

Our Victorian ancestors took much for granted—and particularly the overwhelming and continuing pre-eminence of the British Navy. Palmerstonian diplomacy and the despatch of a cruiser sufficed to bring the foreigner to heel. The current issue of "Jane's Fighting Ships" (Sampson Low; 43 3s.) would have shocked them profoundly with the revelation of how poor a second we come to the United States Navy. And while they were appropriately apprehensive of Russia's big battalions on land, they could not have conceived of a time when Russia's naval strength, her schnorkel-equipped submarine fleet and the size and armament of her vast new battleships, such as the *Sovietki Soyuz*, could be a matter of anxious speculation. The section of the Soviet Navy is perhaps one of the most interesting in this 1951 edition.

For those who like to look back to a more glorious past than to contemplate an uncertain and unpleasant future, "The Macpherson Collection of Maritime Prints and Drawings," edited by M. S. Robinson (Staples Press; 45s.), will prove a sheer delight. The illustrations come from the Maritime Museum at Greenwich and the author's subsidiary title of "A Pageant of the Sea," is indeed well chosen. They range from the Bayeux Tapestry depicting a certain "D-day in reverse" in 1066, to the comparatively modern drawings by Lieutenant Cresswell of the hazards of Victorian exploration in Arctic and Antarctic seas. I need hardly say more than that this book so pleased me and I returned to it so often, that I have incurred the wrath of my kindly

masters in *The Illustrated London News* for being late with this article!

There is much naval information, as usual, in "Whitaker's Almanack for 1951" (12s. 6d.). As year succeeds year, I never fail to marvel at the miracle of compression involved in getting so much information into so small a space, and yet set in a type which does not unduly strain the eyes. This year's "Whitaker" is the largest ever produced. A number of pre-war features, such as the articles on London's Cathedrals and Churches, have been re-introduced, and even the article on Korea is remarkably up-to-date. Incidentally, it is not without significance that the greatest expansion in the new Whitaker is the space devoted to Government and Public offices, "which in 1869 occupied ten pages and this year, with a further small increase, covers 92 pages." I imagine our rulers will not be satisfied till they have scored their century.

E. D. O'BRIEN.





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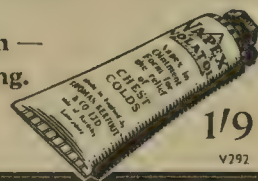
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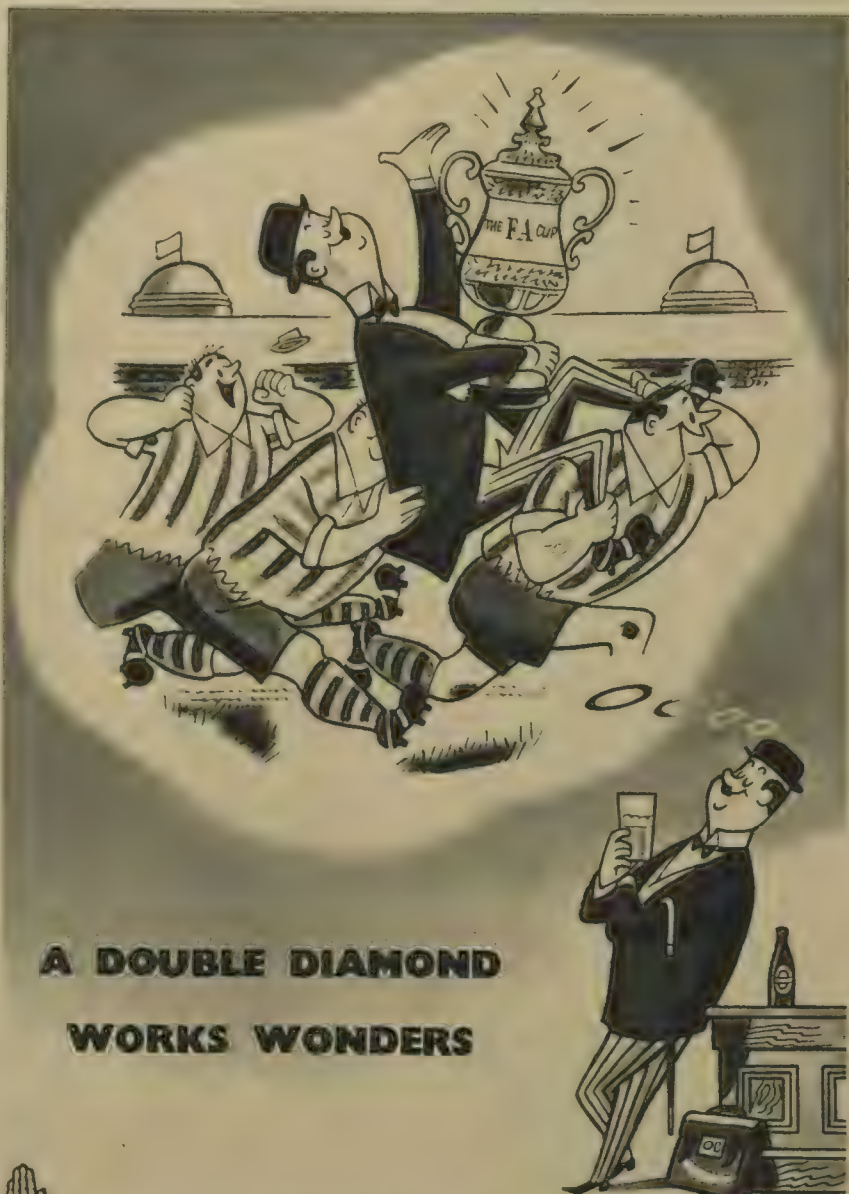


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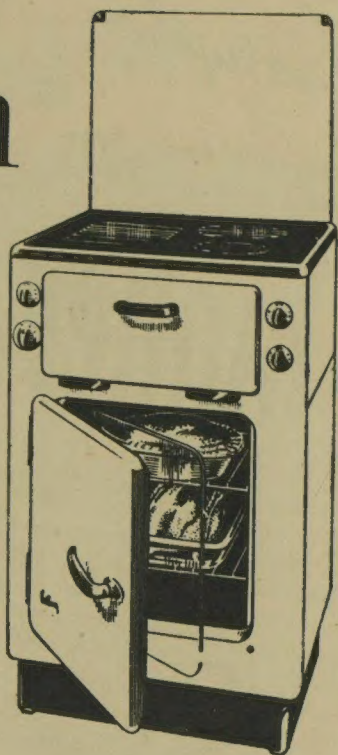


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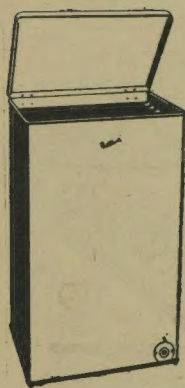
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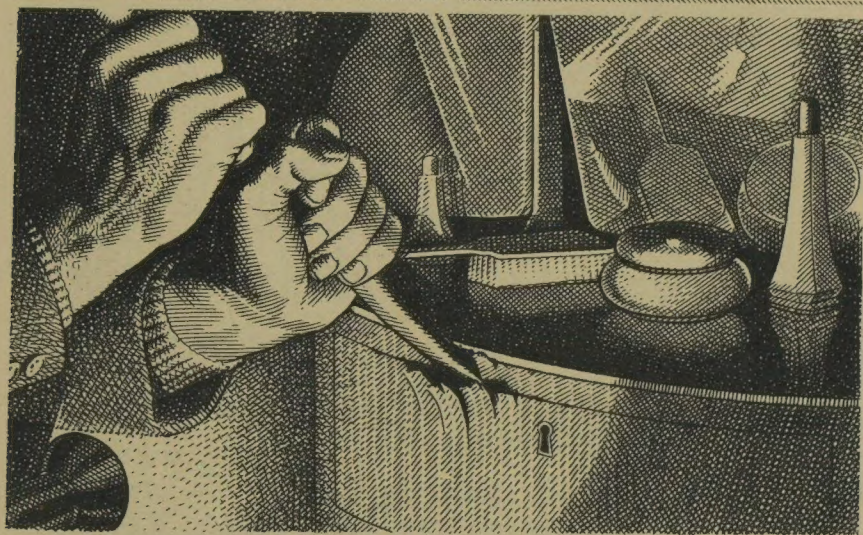
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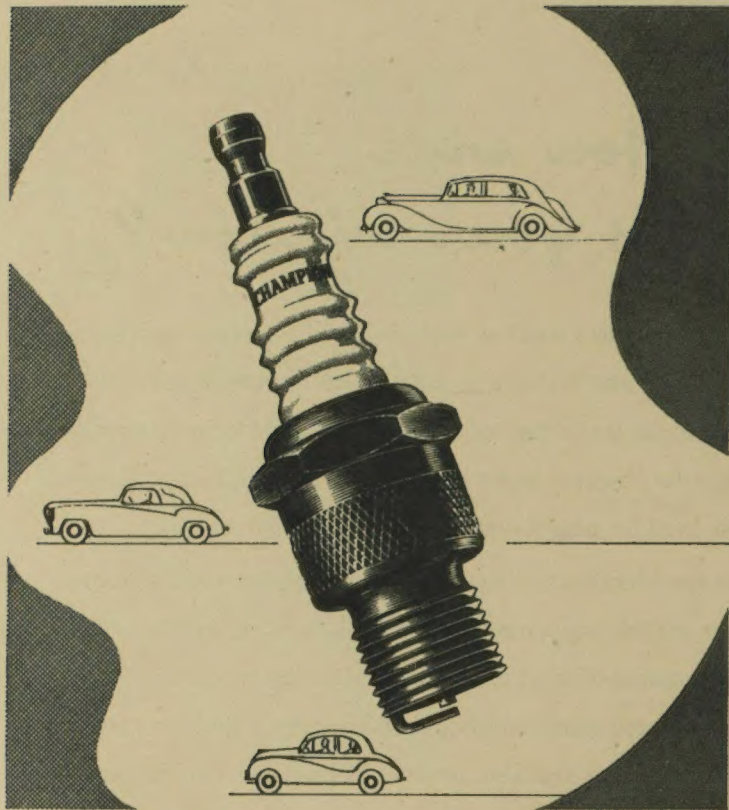
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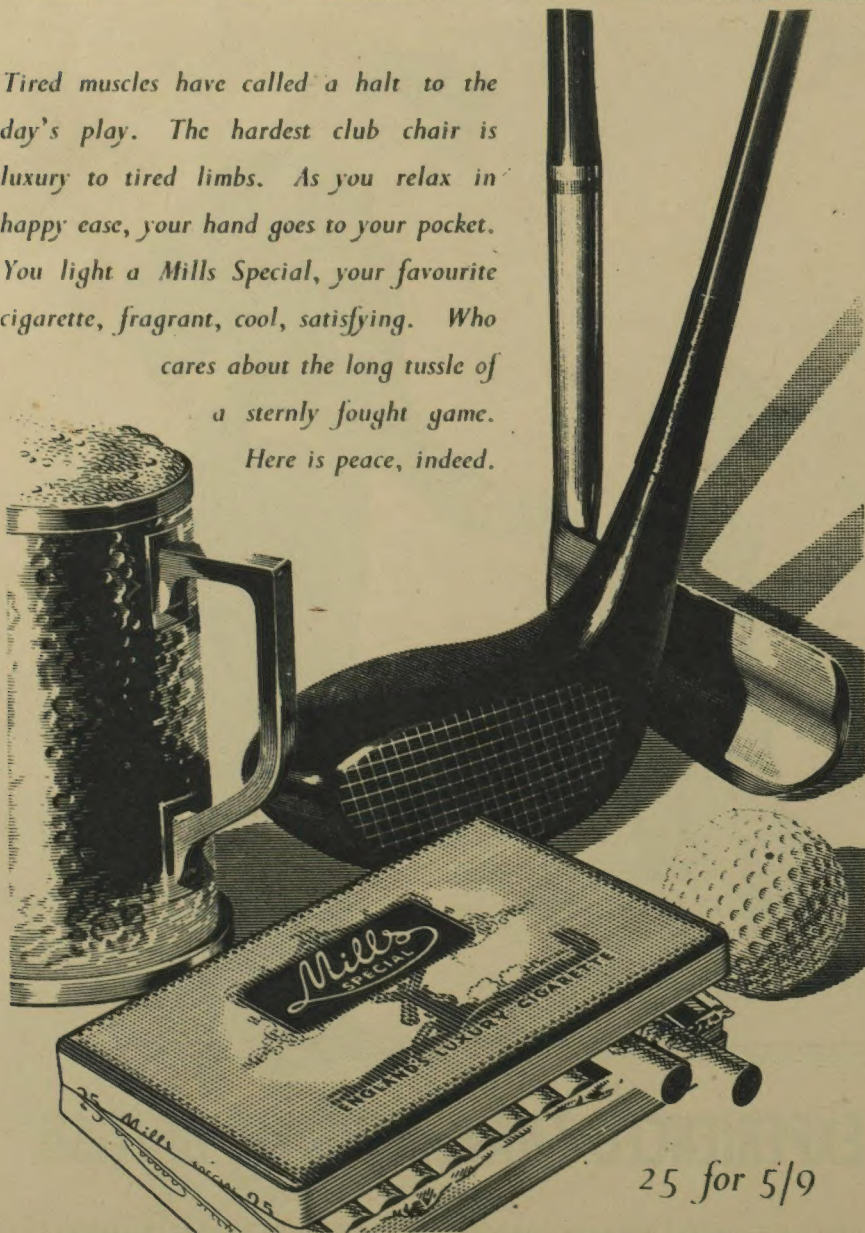


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Tired muscles have called a halt to the day's play. The hardest club chair is luxury to tired limbs. As you relax in happy ease, your hand goes to your pocket. You light a Mills Special, your favourite cigarette, fragrant, cool, satisfying. Who cares about the long tussle of a sternly fought game. Here is peace, indeed.



25 for 5/9

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*So superior*

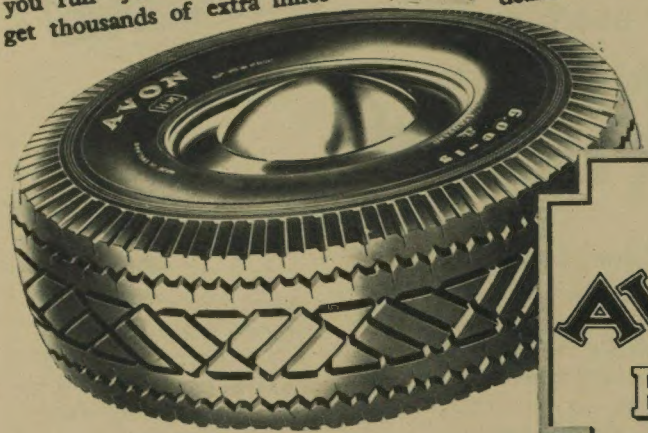
because its deeper, flatter, wider tread provides . . .

# higher

# mileage

If you want superior service, you certainly want the new Avon H.M., the tyre designed especially to withstand the severe wear imposed by modern high performance cars. Then—whatever car you run—you will not only get thousands of extra miles

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**AVON**  
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## "King George IV"

*Old Scotch Whisky*

QUALITY UNSURPASSED

Max. Retail Prices as fixed by the  
Scotch Whisky Assn. 33/4 per bottle  
& 17/5 per Half-Bottle.

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## TO THE TYROL

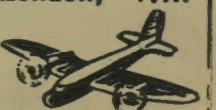
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M





# This England . . .



*Ashridge Park — Herts*

HE WHO PLANTS an avenue of trees, cannot, in the nature of things, hope to enjoy them in their grandeur—he plants them for England. Much that we have and prize to-day comes of that attitude in our fathers. They did not make or build “to last their time,” but rather that something worthy should mark their passage—their good live after them. We, too, must keep this tradition of the thing well made, that our children’s children may be beholden to us. Even in simple matters it can be done; are we not beholden to some centuries of careful craft-proud men, that such a daily need as Bass (or is yours Worthington) is so superbly filled?

ISSUED BY BASS AND WORTHINGTON, BURTON-UPON-TRENT, ENGLAND

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### THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Like an enchanting sunset, bottles hold the gaze. No matter how absorbing the talk, you discover that you can both listen and look; and you look at the bottles. Bottles from France, dressed to perfection; bottles from Italy with operatic labels; stolid, unbreakable bottles from Holland; dignified bottles from Spain.

Even were you to judge its character by appearances alone, your eye would still light with pleasure on the

White Horse bottle from Scotland. Quiet, unobtrusive, almost staid, it is at its most distinguished in more gaudy company. And if you judge by experience you will know that the White Horse bottle is very properly dressed. For here, if ever there was one, is a right honourable whisky!



# WHITE HORSE

## Scotch Whisky

MAXIMUM PRICES:—Bottles 33/4, 1/2-Bottles 17/5, 1/4-Bottles 9/1, Miniature Bottles 3/6 as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association

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